August 1987

Chronicles

$2.00

A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

A LATIN AMERICA

Wayne Lutton on Crime, AIDS, and Immigration

Odie Faulk on Mexican Aggression

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

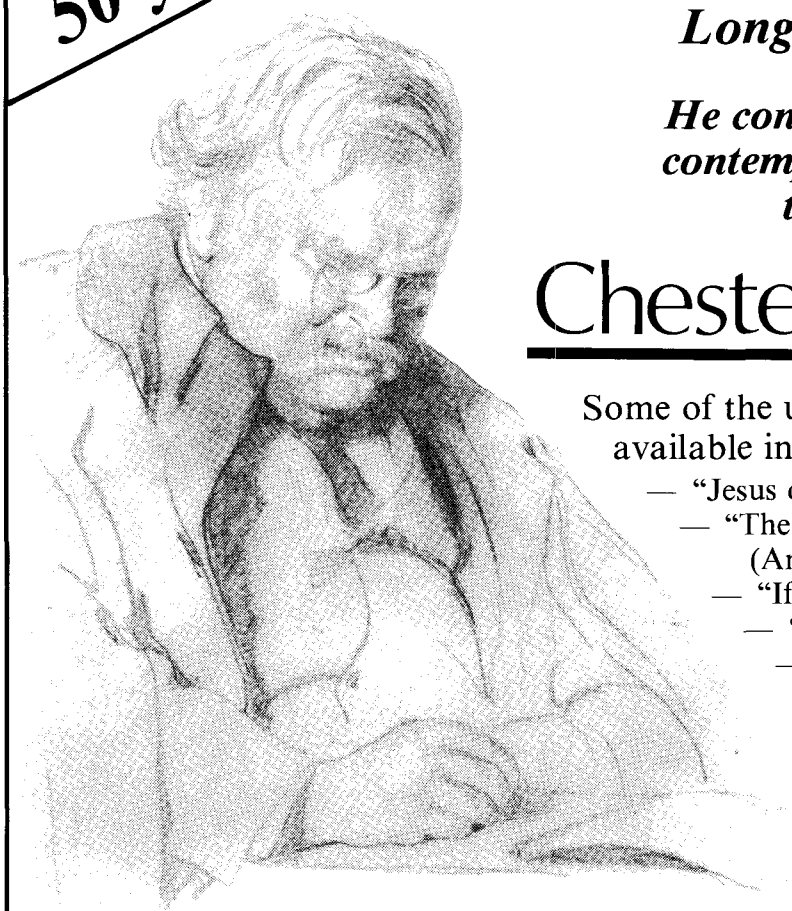
50 years later

CHESTERTON LIVES!

Long Live Chesterton!

He continues to speak to the contemporary world through the pages of the

Chesterton Review



Some of the uncollected Chesterton writings available in the *Review* issues are:

— "Jesus or Christ? A Reply to Mr. Roberts"
— "The Donnington Affair (An Uncollected Father Brown Story)"
— "If Christ Should Come"
— "Miracles and Modern Civilization"
— "Why I Believe in Christianity"
— "How to Write a Detective Story"
— "Chesterton on Censorship"

Each issue (150 pages) also includes articles, reviews, news, Chesterton drawings, and comments. The* Review *also discusses other great modern religious writers.

EACH NEW SUBSCRIBER will also receive a free copy of the Special Issues listed below:

Please send this order form with payment to:
The Chesterton Review
1437 College Drive, Saskatoon, Sask., Canada S7N 0W6

NAME: _____

ADRESS: _____

_____

_____

SUBSCRIPTION COST: **$18.00 per year (4 issues) and $8.00 for each Special Issue.**

Check one of the following Special Issues:

☐ "Father Brown"
☐ "Tenth Anniversary"
☐ "Christopher Dawson"
☐ "George Grant"
☐ "Charles Dickens"
☐ "Hilaire Belloc"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beautiful boxed set illustrated in rich full color by Daniel San Souci ☐ Each cover illustrated in striking color by Daniel San Souci ☐ Text illustrated throughout all 7 volumes by Pauline Baynes

YOURS FREE—

"The finest collection of stories for children . . . written in our times"

—CHICAGO TRIBUNE

7 uniform volumes in handsome boxed set • Publisher's price $39.95 — yours FREE

You may have started reading these stories around the age of eight. And it's safe to say you'll still be reading them at 88. Now the children you love can meet. . .

"The Christian author kids like best"

—CATHOLIC TWIN CIRCLE

"The books offer excitement and adventure enough to please restless young readers, and Christian teaching transparent enough 'to get the message across' — without seeming preachy," adds the reviewer.

It's not surprising that Christian publications of all denominations rave about C. S. Lewis. He's everyone's favorite Christian writer. But secular media are equally enthusiastic. E.g., *Parents' Choice*:

> "Rich in illusion, entertainment and philosophy . . . some of the most satisfying fantasy books ever penned . . . resolute atheists take note, NARNIA is religious fantasy . . . Aslan is God, thinly disguised. Fortunately, Lewis' rather exalted philosophical air is breezy with humor."

Every volume is a gem:

THE LION, THE WITCH AND THE WARDROBE. How Aslan, the noble Lion, frees Narnia from the spell of the White Witch. "Fantasy in the best tradition, full of strange beasts, witches and children . . . A family book to read aloud."—*San Francisco Chronicle.* "Beautiful, frightening, wise."—*New Yorker.*

PRINCE CASPIAN. How the good Prince and his army of talking beasts conquer the Telmarines. "Good plot, convincing characters."—*Saturday Review.* "Wonderfully well written . . . style and imagination as seldom met in modern books."—*NY Herald Tribune.*

THE VOYAGE OF THE DAWN TREADER. Caspian sails through magic waters to the end of the world. "Should be introduced to all imaginative children."—*Horn Book.*

THE SILVER CHAIR. How Prince Rilian escapes from the underground kingdom of the Emerald Witch. "Discriminating young fairy-tale fans . . . discover [Narnia stories] without adult help."—*NY Herald Tribune.*

THE HORSE AND HIS BOY. A talking horse and a boy prince save Narnia from invasion. "Children, surfeited on unimaginative tales of socially adjusted children learning socially useful processes, will welcome this story of kidnapped princes and knights in armor and turreted castles."—*NY Times.*

THE MAGICIAN'S NEPHEW. How Aslan created Narnia and gave the gift of speech to its animals. "Top-drawer Lewis for any reader from about ten up — and that definitely goes for the whole range of adult readers, too."—*Episcopal Church News.*

THE LAST BATTLE. Evil comes to Narnia, so Aslan leads his people to a new paradise. "The great themes of creation, fall, redemption and final consummation are all contained [in the seven volumes], presented so vividly that child and adult equally find themselves caught up in the spell."—*NY Times.*

Use coupon to get this classic $39.95 set FREE

How the Club Works

Every 4 weeks (13 times a year) you get a free copy of the Club Bulletin, which offers you the Featured Selection plus a good choice of Alternates. Books on current issues, religion, economics, Communism, politics, children's books, etc. — all of interest to conservatives. ★ If you want the Featured Selection, do nothing. It will come automatically. ★ If you don't want the Featured Selection, or you do want an Alternate, indicate your wishes on the handy card enclosed with your Bulletin and return it by the deadline date. ★ The majority of Club books are offered at 20-50% discounts, plus a charge for shipping and handling. ★ As soon as you buy and pay for 4 books at regular Club prices, your membership may be ended at any time, either by you or by the Club. ★ If you ever receive a Featured Selection without having had 10 days to decide if you want it, you may return it at Club expense for full credit. ★ Good service. No computers! ★ The Club will offer regular Superbargains, mostly at 70-95% discounts plus shipping and handling. Superbargains do not count toward fulfilling your Club obligation, but do enable you to buy fine books at giveaway prices. ★ Only one membership per household.

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

15 Oakland Avenue • Harrison, N.Y. 10528

Please accept my membership in the Club and send me FREE the 7-volume $39.95 quality paperback set of *The Chronicles of Narnia* by C.S. Lewis. I agree to buy 4 additional books at regular Club prices over the next 2 years. I also agree to the Club rules spelled out in this coupon.

CCUL-24

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____ *Zip* _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chronicles
A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE
Vol. 11, No. 8, August 1987

Editor
Thomas Fleming
Managing Editor
Momcilo Selic
Copy Editor
Cynthia Calvert
Poetry Editor
Andrei Navrozov
Contributing Editors
John W. Aldridge
Ronald Berman
Harold O.J. Brown
Bryce Christensen
Odie Faulk
Jane Greer
David Kaufman
E. Christian Kopff
John Shelton Reed
Joseph Schwartz
Clyde Wilson
Editorial Secretary
LeAnn Manning
Publisher
Richard A. Vaughan
Art Director
Anna Mycek-Wodecki
Production Manager
Patrick Doiel
Assistant to the Publisher
Laura Biggins
Composition Manager
Anita Fedora
Subscription Manager
Carol Bennett
A Publication of
The Rockford Institute:
Allan C. Carlson, President

CHRONICLES (ISSN 0887-5731) is published monthly for $21 per year by The Rockford Institute, 934 North Main Street, Rockford, IL 61103-7061. Second-class postage paid at Rockford, IL and additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to *CHRONICLES*, P.O. Box 800, Mount Morris, IL 61054.

Editorial and Advertising Offices: 934 North Main Street, Rockford, IL 61103. Editorial Phone: (815) 964-5054. Advertising Phone: (815) 964-5811. Subscription Department: P.O. Box 800, Mount Morris, IL 61054.

U.S.A. Newsstand Distribution by Eastern News Distributors, Inc., 1130 Cleveland Road, Sandusky, OH 44870.

Copyright © 1987 by The Rockford Institute. All rights reserved.

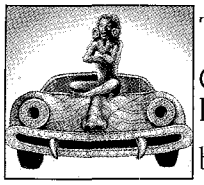
CONTENTS

A LATIN AMERICA

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS

American dilemmas: the Iran/Contra hearings, the Jefferson lectures, and the legacy of Gunnar Myrdal. 6

PERSPECTIVE



The Pterodactyls of Lima 9

Chronicles' new managing editor explores the land of the Incas.

by Momcilo Selic

VIEWS

The War of Mexican Aggression 12

The Mexican War was the great patriotic war of American history.

by Odie B. Faulk

Between Two Worlds 14

Will the dignity of Caribbean life survive Americanization?

by Geoffrey Wagner

The Silent Invasion 17

Illegal immigrants are bringing some interesting contraband into the U.S.: crime, disease, and a drain on social services.

by Wayne Lutton

OPINIONS

An Invisible Man 22

—*Going to the Territory* by Ralph Ellison

by Russell Kirk

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Third World Revisited 24

—*The Tears of the White Man: Compassion as Contempt* by Pascal Bruckner
—*Dispensations: The Future of South Africa as South Africans See It* by Richard John Neuhaus

by Ewa M. Thompson

Boomtown Philosophers 26

—*Latin American Philosophy in the Twentieth Century*, edited by Jorge J.E. Gracia

by Stephen L. Tanner

Sense and Sensibility 27

—*Bathsheba on the Third Day* by Jane Greer

by John Skonnord

Stargazers 28

—*Star Wars: Suicide or Survival?* by Alun Chalfont

by John L. Romjue

The World According to St. Mugg 29

—*Vintage Muggeridge—Religion and Society*, edited by Geoffrey Barlow

by Paul Stallsworth

Government Of, By, and Against the Public 30

—*The Burden of Government* by Edwin Mills

by Tommy W. Rogers

Beelzebub's Tales to His Son 30

—*The Contemporary Faces of Satan* and *The War on Christ in America* by Ratibor-Ray Jurjevich

VITAL SIGNS

SCREEN

Making Love by Katherine Dalton 39

STAGE

Viva la Musical Comedy by David Kaufman 40

POP CULTURE

The Righteousness of Rock? by Gary S. Vasilash 42

CORRESPONDENCE

Letter From the Heartland by Jane Greer 31
Letter From Albion by Andrei Navrozov 32
Letter From South America by Thomas Molnar 33
Letter From Calexico by Richard Kostelanetz 36
Letter From California by Gary Burleson 37
Letter From the Lower Right by John Shelton Reed 38

DEPARTMENTS

POETRY

At Machu Picchu by Elizabeth Marion 16
Poem by P.J. Kavanagh 27

REVISIONS

Souls in Distress: *Battles in the Desert & Other Stories* 20
Hispanophobia: *Tree of Hate: Propaganda and Prejudice Affecting United States Relations with the Hispanic World* 35

BOOKS IN BRIEF

32

For Immediate Service

Chronicles

NEW SUBSCRIBERS

TOLL-FREE NUMBER

1-800-892-0753

On the Cover

Illustration on the cover by Colleen Browning, and throughout the text by Krystyna Jachniewicz.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The "Contragate" hearings have been a poor substitute for daytime soap operas and do not begin to match the thrills of Watergate. Perhaps it is because we have heard them before: arrogantly inarticulate congressmen scoring points off frightened bureaucrats, an administration that turns to private contractors to carry on apparently illegal activities, and an imperialist Congress eager to seize control of American foreign policy.

There were a few bright spots, notably Richard Secord's forthright denials of wrongdoing, but a new low in the performance art of testifying was reached by Robert McFarlane: quivering, self-righteously remorseful—he couldn't have given a worse impression of the administration if he tried.

The hearings are, first and last, a partisan affair, one skirmish in the long war between populist-Republican Presidents and the social democrats who have seized control of the Democratic Party. Still, the whole affair raises very serious constitutional and —perhaps as important—ethical questions. Who is responsible for the conduct of U.S. foreign policy—the President, the Congress, or private citizens?

Despite repeated alarms in the press over the emergence of an imperial presidency, the fact remains that no President in the 1980's has anything like the freedom of action enjoyed by Thomas Jefferson when he authorized a "war" against the Barbary pirates, or James K. Polk when he responded to Mexico's invasion threats in the 1840's. Increasingly, Congress has been able to tie the hands of Presidents with the red tape of resolutions and amendments that have the accumulating force of precedent and tradition. When Presidents do attempt to break through the interference to carry out a foreign policy initiative, the result is usually a formal inquisition staged for the benefit of Turner Broadcasting and the *CBS Evening News*.

The White House, on the other hand, is not entirely guiltless. Presidents and their staffs have also muddied the waters by presuming to negotiate what are, in effect, treaties without the consent of Congress. Both Franklin Roosevelt and John Kennedy made secret foreign policy deals with potentially disastrous consequences. FDR was so eager to drag America into war that he allowed British intelligence agents to snoop on anti-interventionist congressmen. And we may never know exactly what Kennedy promised Khrushchev during the Cuban missile crisis.

More recently, Presidents have pretended to agree to all the restrictions enjoined by Congress while at the same time authorizing secret wars and fielding teams of semiprofessional freelancers. If the *contras* really were "freedom fighters"—or fighters of any description—and if there really were an influential party of Iranian moderates, the responsible parties (whoever they are) could be pardoned for excessive zeal in the national interest. As failures, they will have to face the music, and one of the tunes they are liable to hear is a dirge for all the civilian victims of *contra* shenanigans. The decision to deal with Iranian terrorists combined with the deliberate prolongation of this war—not in the expectation of victory but in an effort to destabilize and/or democratize the Sandinista regime—cannot be brushed aside as a partisan issue. It seems clear that some of the President's advisors have abused the trust he placed in them.

There is no easy solution to the Sandinista problem, except an invasion in force. If they are, as they appear to be, a Soviet and Cuban backed dictatorship threatening regional security and fundamental U.S. interests, then the honorable course would be to take TR's big stick out of the closet and use it to bludgeon the Sandinistas. Nothing less will fulfill our obligations, and anything less than war condemns the Nicaraguan people to worse violence at the hands of both parties. That it should be done in the name of democracy is the cruelest sort of political joke. If the cowardice of Congress or the American people renders such a course of action impossible, then we can pull in our head and feet within the shell of national boundaries. If the national will is that weak, we have no business engaging in global adventurism. Fish or cut bait remains the most moral as well as the most prudent outlook for a nation whose governors are responsible to the citizenry.

Instead, senior administration officials have apparently duped well-meaning private citizens into believing that their contributions would assist the President in bringing peace to Central America. Those who contributed money did so from the best and highest motives; government officials who assisted in soliciting or acted as bagmen owe the American people a candid explanation.

Remember Aaron Burr? He was accused of conspiring with a high government official either to separate the West from the U.S. or at least of planning an illegal expedition into Spanish territory. Burr was acquitted, but went into exile to escape further prosecutions. In the narrowest legal sense, Burr may not have been guilty of treason, but when renegade bureaucrats and private citizens—with or without the President's blessing—undertake the conduct of foreign policy, when they raise money to support insurrection, ship arms and ammunition, and provide every type of advice and support (including volunteers), they expose themselves to very serious charges. Considering the almost criminal misbehavior of Congress, a privatized foreign policy may seem a tempting prospect to the journalists and academic Metternichs who have been advising the President. Now they have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to face their enemies and answer to their charges. (TF)

Gunnar Myrdal came as the featured speaker at the annual meeting of the Lutheran Council in the USA—yet another public atheist called to give moral guidance to yet another demoralized band of American religious leaders. I saw his presence as a godsend. In a sense, he was to be my dissertation project. The chance to serve as his aide-de-camp and gofer for the whole two days opened glittering research opportunities to a young church bureaucrat and would-be scholar.

His speech to the church leaders was long and occasionally splendid. A discourse on what it meant to be a "cultural Lutheran" and, more broadly, on the American challenge, it was full of historical allusions and philosophical meanderings seldom encountered in religious after-dinner talks. The Philadelphia ballroom was hot, the churchmen and their ladies full of wine and intolerant of ideas beyond the expected social-justice pieties. After the first hour had passed, the mutters and shuffling grew quite audible. Yet Gunnar Myrdal, slightly deaf, puttered on to his conclusion, in the singsong English of an old, pleasantly senile Swede.

My timing proved to be perfect. A feminist scholar in Sweden had just published a book claiming that Alva and Gunnar Myrdal's work on shaping Swedish family and population policies in the 1930's had been a *betrayal* of true socialism. Their open pronatalism, she hinted, smelled of nationalism and racism. Their advocacy of minor changes in Sweden's antiabortion law, instead of its complete scuttling, showed a lingering attachment to patriarchy. I indicated to him my intention of demonstrating how thoroughly socialist, modernist, and feminist their work actually was, and how it had radically altered the modern social-democratic consciousness. He was pleased with the project and granted me full access to his family papers in the Labor Movement Archives in Stockholm, along with letters of reference to the restricted archives of the Swedish Social Democratic Labor Party, and a promise of interviews.

I spent the summers of 1976 and 1977 in Stockholm, either immersed in the Myrdals' letters and enormous newspaper collection (starting in 1934, the young couple sensed they were making history and subscribed to a clippings service) or in extended conversation with one or both of them.

It soon became clear that Gunnar, the master social engineer of Sweden, North America, and South Asia, had now given himself over to the normal pursuits of old men everywhere: tinkering daily with a project he would never complete (a new version of *An American Dilemma*), telling the same stories to young listeners, nodding off in the midst of talk, and letting go of his inhibitions. Alva, the first woman who truly had it all (devoted husband, children, *and* her own Nobel Prize), served coffee and cakes with the gracious hospitality that marks the vanishing Swedish *husfru*.

Gunnar explained that his chosen career was to have been a country lawyer, in the picture-book village of Mariefred—a practice dominated by boundary disputes, real estate transactions, and small deals in grain and livestock. His vague political allegiances then lay with *böndeförbundet*, The Farmer's Party, which promoted the interests of the Swedish peasantry and small towns against both the urban proletariat and the great capitalists. Indeed, Farmer's Party leaders had seen the budding law student as a rising prospect and had approached him to run for the Swedish Senate as a representative of the free peasantry. (In a curious way, this ruralism would pass from father to estranged son. Jan Myrdal, the great celebrator of Mao Tse-tung's Cultural Revolution, was less an orthodox Marxist than a radical ruralist, a proto-Green, opposed to modernity and bourgeois progress, whatever their form. In recent years, he has turned his wrath against the Western welfare state, lamenting its role in promoting the destruction of village life and the corrosion of Christian communitarian values.)

Then Gunnar met Alva Reimer. The embodiment of Nordic beauty, she was a slender Sonja Henne, golden-haired, blue-eyed, red-lipped, with a pert nose and a shy, inviting smile. She was also a committed socialist, trained in ideology by her doctrinaire father, as well as a budding feminist, educated in a women's collective built as an alternative to the local gymnasium which refused to admit girls.

Gunnar fell deeply and irrevocably in love. Thereafter he lived for Alva. His subsequent correspondence with his often-absent wife fills many restricted boxes in the Myrdal Archive and is marked—I was told—with moving professions of love and pain at their separation.

She helped guide the young lawyer into his new profession—economics—and his new political allegiance—Social Democracy. Their marriage became the modern prototype, first for Sweden, then for the Western world. Early on, there were already photos of the young scholar-lovers at their desks, face to face, pausing in their writing to gaze upon each other. In 1929, when Gunnar was offered a Rockefeller Fellowship to spend a year studying in the United States, he negotiated another, equal grant for his wife. "His and her" Nobels were the natural cap to this rigorously egalitarian bond.

Yet even in this unity there remained differences. Gunnar never wholly shook off his rustic attachment to the Swedish soil and to Swedish tribalism. When the couple turned their energies to crafting a socialist response to Sweden's sharply declining birthrate, Gunnar's advocacy of pronatalist policies was sincere. When pressed by critics to his left, he confessed to a "mild form" of Swedish nationalism. His hundreds of speeches and articles from the period sparkle with real affection for "Sweden's children" and a stirring promotion of larger families (five children per couple was the target he finally settled on).

For Alva, the family issue and pronatalism were important political opportunities. By invoking motherhood, babies, and the vanishing nation, she hoped that socialists could lure the "bourgeois parties" to support policies they had heretofore opposed: nationalized health care focused (at first) on maternity and infants; "family services" such as state day care and summer camps; state allowances for children's clothing; school meals; and so on. Feminist goals could also be woven into the program, using the argument that married-women-at-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

work was a new reality that could not be reversed and that the state should use its power to allow women to be simultaneously workers and mothers. In her shift to pro-natalism, Alva also realized that public hypocrisy must be avoided and did her duty by bearing her third child in 1936. Yet the subsequent maternal tasks did not suit her, and the care of her children was turned over to the professionals. (Son Jan would have his revenge a half-century later, charging in a searing book and a serialized radio production that his mother had abandoned him and his sisters, in the pursuit of fame and career.)

Old men, like small children, often say things they shouldn't. After one interview, Gunnar invited me to join him for dinner. We left his townhouse on *Västerlånggatan*, the famed Medieval street in Stockholm's Old City, walked the cobblestones for several blocks to a small café, and feasted on *strumming*, a delicate fresh Baltic herring.

The local news that week concerned a series of mob attacks on recent immigrants to Sweden: Assyrians, North Africans, Turks. The assailants were *raggare*, bands of young Swedish toughs who normally shocked the adults by sewing U.S. flags on their worn denim jackets and by cruising the roads in specially imported '69 Lincoln Continentals. In wake of this racial strife, government officials were sputtering in frustrated rage; Swedish media pundits engaged in the kind of self-flagellation ("where did we go wrong?") usually confined to their cousin professionals in North America.

Myrdal raised the topic over herring. These immigrants, he said to me, were a growing problem for Sweden. The newcomers didn't keep their apartments tidy and proper, like Swedish people did. They were often dirty and unkempt. Their boys tried to date Swedish girls, causing much trouble. Yes, he sighed as he shook his head, the immigrants were a problem.

As an amateur Swedish sociologist might have remarked, in another decade and land: Old attitudes die hard, much harder than old socialists.

—*Allan Carlson*

Are there other options to the

AIDS

ISSUE?

Find out in "A SOUNDER ANTI-AIDS OPTION" by John A. Howard

NAME

ADDRESS STATE ZIP

Send this coupon and a check for $2.50 to:
Occasional Papers #16
The Rockford Institute
934 N. Main Street
Rockford, IL 61103

OP877

The 1987 Jefferson lecture was delivered this May by Forrest McDonald. McDonald is nothing less than the best constitutional historian in the United States, a man of conservative principle and rare scholarship. The address, "The Intellectual World of the Founding Fathers," concludes by confronting "two doctrines which, willy-nilly, ensnared the Americans in ideological thickets which were alien to their very being," i.e., natural rights philosophy and a commitment to republicanism. The first leads to democratic anarchism, and the second to an almost totalitarian devotion to government service. The genius of the Constitution, as McDonald sees it, lies not with the expansion of government powers but, in fact, with the limitations that document imposed upon all government.

Coming in the wake of Thurgood Marshall's malevolent inanities against the framers, the speech was more than worthy of the occasion. It was also a real bargain, since McDonald practices what he preaches about limited government: He returned the honorarium.

As we go to press, Robert Nisbet seems to have been picked to deliver the 1988 lecture. A superb scholar as well as an original social philosopher, Nisbet is an ideal choice. When the time comes to write a definitive intellectual history of 20th-century American conservatism, our guess is that Robert Nisbet—rather than Irving Babbitt or Richard Weaver—will prove to have made the most enduring contribution.

The selection of such solid scholars as Forrest McDonald, Robert Nisbet, and Cleanth Brooks raises the question of future choices. Conservatives in and out of Washington have been wondering out loud when Russell Kirk is to be honored. If we can read the signs, the answer may be never. For reasons known only to The White House, there are still six Carter appointees long overstaying their welcome on the Humanities Council (the term is for six years), and rumor has it that some conservatives have been less than diligent about attending meetings.

Kirk has already had difficulties with the National Endowment for the Humanities. A film project based on his *Roots of American Order* was cleared by several levels of review but was mysteriously killed at a higher level. Worse, Kirk was turned down for a grant at the same time as Eric Foner, a Marxist professor of history at Columbia, received a $25,000 grant. The son and nephew of Communist Party members, Foner is best known to conservatives for his vicious attack on M.E. Bradford, when Bradford was being considered for the job of NEH Director.

One argument made against Kirk is that his selection would be "too political," especially since some conservatives appear to be actively campaigning for him. But who could be *more* political than the first lecturer, Sidney Hook, an anti-Soviet leftist with a long career as a polemicist? The campaign for Hook was vigorous and conducted, so it is said, in the open. Why is the Old Right by definition political, but not the Old Left? If conservatives are overzealous in promoting Kirk, it is because few intellectual conservatives in the United States can match him in influence, stature, and dignity. Kirk is a living symbol, and opposition to him takes on a symbolic character.

Since the deliberations of the Humanities Council are kept secret, we have no way of knowing if Kirk's name has even been introduced into the discussions. Still, there are enough self-described conservatives on the council either to push through his selection or to come up with better excuses than we have heard so far.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PTERODACTYLS OF LIMA *by Momcilo Selic*

"Whitman can sing confidently and in blithe innocence about democracy militant because American utopia is confused with and indistinguishable from American reality."
—Octavio Paz, *Walt Whitman*

As we left for Ayacucho, Lucho Monasi Cockburn took out his machete from under his car seat and put it between the two of us. "It's a bad road," he said and looked at me. His eyes were blue, almost lost between the wrinkles of his smile. "One *cholo* less or more, who cares!"

I looked at his machete, in its tooled leather scabbard. "*Permiso?*" I said and took it out. It was dull and rusty.

"Señor," said Jorge, as we sat in an Ayacucho hotel bar. "What kind of a country are we, what kind of people?" Jorge was a *cholo* drinking his 15th bottle of beer. "To your health, Señor," he said, raising his glass.

"*Salud compadre,*" I said. "I can see that you are not always happy."

Afterwards, I listened to Jorge caress his black, worn-out guitar, coaxing her to sound like a blind beggar's flute—the reed flute of the Andes, which the Indios play to tell the world of their existence.

Then Jorge sang some *marineras* from the coast, as sad as the mountain music. "Know any Mexican tunes?" I asked him.

"I know everything, Señor, I'm an artist," he said, and went on singing his marineras.

"The *gringito*'s been looking for you," said Jorge, when we met in Cuzco next night.

"Which gringito?"

"The little one from Ayacucho, who listened as we sang."

"Oh, Oscar," I said. "But Oscar's not a gringo. He's Peruvian, like you.

I could see Jorge laughing slyly. "Sure," he said.

In Peru, as elsewhere, people hate each other. Lucho Monasi Cockburn, the traveling salesman, took out a dull machete to defend himself from half-breeds, laughing as he did that, but the quarrel between different sorts of Peruvians was not a lovers' one. Both Jorge and Oscar hated the Indios for different reasons. The Indians, on the other hand, watched the world impassively, defeated as no other people I have ever seen.

"It all began with a suspicion (perhaps exaggerated) that the Gods did not know how to talk. Centuries of fell and fugitive life had atrophied the human element in them; the moon of Islam and the cross of Rome had been implacable with these outlaws. Very low foreheads, yellow teeth, stringy mulatto or Chinese mustaches and thick bestial lips showed the degeneracy of their Olympian lineage. Their clothing corresponded not to a decorous poverty but rather to the sinister luxury of the gambling houses and brothels of the Bajo. A carnation bled crimson in a lapel and the bulge of a knife was outlined beneath a close-fitting jacket. Suddenly we sensed that they were playing their last card, that they were cunning, ignorant and cruel like old beasts of prey and that, if we let ourselves be overcome by fear or piety, they would finally destroy us.

"We took out our heavy revolvers (all of a sudden there were revolvers in the dream) and joyfully killed the Gods."
—Jorge Luis Borges, *Ragnarök*

I had a feeling that the Indios were forever wordless, their lips like slashes in their faces. Even their children were silent, questioning with their eyes—everyone and every-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thing—without hope, or desire, for an answer.

In Cuzco, I was continually having to make way for overburdened women with children on their backs as they tried to go right through me. They ran with short, choppy steps, contracted into wounded kernels, oblivious to gringos, streets, even the hills of their awesome country.

If Octavio Paz might argue that being white meant being guilty, Borges, the great blind seer of the Library of Babel, would never have done that—an irrevocable European, to Paz's reluctant acknowledgment of his heritage (Paz: "John Cage is American / that the U.S.A. may become / just another part of the world. / No more, no less"), Borges knew his mythologies.

"The Indios don't produce anything," Rodrigo said to me. "Only as much as they need themselves, no more. They are not a part of the economy. They do not consume. I hate them; I hate to look at them."

"But they are so beautiful," Marilena said to me, smiling beatifically.

Rodrigo was a strapping young man from Ecuador who lived next to me on the flat roof of Señora Raquel's *Pension* in Lima, whereas Marilena was a rich man's daughter, and a curator of a museum.

Rodrigo and his father, both white, occupied a minute cubicle with enough room for two iron beds and a wardrobe of books. Rodrigo looked forward to studying navigation in Spain, whereas Marilena, a natural blonde, looked forward only to going to the *sierra*, and feeling good about herself.

As we sat in the great lounge of her father's house, Marilena listened to my impressions of the Andes. "The Revolution," said Roberto Ortiz, her boyfriend and my colleague, "is going to change everything. You will see the Indios brighten up and become gaudy like their ponchos and caps."

"I wish it were so," I said.

"It will be so," smiled Roberto. Like a D'Artagnan he stood, his blue eyes flashing. "If Argentina had to go to pot, Peru will not. There's so much work to be done, *hombre!*"

"The Revolution," I said, "I've seen it. My father and mother fought in one. My kin died in it, along with many others. Hundreds of thousands were imprisoned, crippled, or humiliated. It doesn't work."

"Maybe," said Roberto, "your revolution wasn't the right one? Maybe the men who led it weren't the right people?"

I looked at him. He was smiling—a magnificent gaucho, on the run from the Argentine military. There was nothing I could tell him. I have seen the same obstinate, willful refusal to see in my own Yugoslavia, so we talked about other things.

When Benjamin Linder was killed in Nicaragua at the end of April this year, his left-wing father blamed Ronald Reagan for his death. Benjamin Linder, a Sandinista, had gone to Nicaragua like Marilena, to fill a void in his soul. Whether the *contras* killed him by accident or design is immaterial. Linder had "placed himself in harm's way," and the harm had come to him, as he had sought it. Revolutions mean death, which Linder, as a good American, was unwilling to accept. Daniel Ortega, the boutique-eyeglassed dictator of Nicaragua, attended the young American's funeral, playing the game that has become obvious to everyone but the American media. As *Newsweek* ran photos of contras killing a Sandinista with their knives, nobody saw it fitting to remind the American reading public that killing in anger is no worse than the Sandinistas' methodical "liquidations."

"Revolución es una mierda sexual," Rosas had said, a cholo, a professional revolutionary, and a professor at the University of Lima. He drove a silver BMW and had two other cars for errands, but to Roberto and me he paid slave wages. "There'll be more," he'd tell us, smiling. *"Mañana,"* I'd say, and he'd laugh merrily.

There was also the bearded Jorge, whose surname began with a "de." He also asked me what I thought of the Revolution, having come from a Communist country. I had to tell him I thought nothing, never having seen one that was genuine. I was still a socialist then but had already begun to think of the Revolution allegorically. Wanting to impress me, Jorge revealed that he and his movie-director wife watched Cuban movies in the Peruvian Ministry of Labor.

Sitting on the sidewalk, in large areas of downtown Lima, innumerable people sold rotten bananas, old newspapers, used sandals made of old tires, fruit juices from filthy glasses, pieces of barbecued meat, peanuts, mirrors, saints, hats, shoelaces, blankets, souvenirs, books, clothing. I hoped to God someone was buying.

Maybe Marilena is still alive, having had the sense to stop visiting the Indios after the *Sendero Luminoso* began their killings. The Shining Path guerrillas, inspired by Pol Pot's Khmer Rouge, are prowling the hills of Ayacucho today, using their machetes to lop off the limbs of any Indios who are unwilling to exterminate the gringos.

When B. Traven wrote *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre, The Rebellion of the Hanged, The White Rose*, and other books about his adopted Mexico, he was acclaimed as a new Jack London, and a champion of the oppressed. Whether B. Traven was Berick Traven Torsan, born May 5, 1890, of Scandinavian parents in Chicago, or just an expatriate German, the lure of Latin America was as strong in his time, as in ours, and as deadly. Benjamin Linder succumbed to it like a fallen angel, naive or vain enough to try to exculpate a whole nation. Like many college-educated young Americans, he felt guilty about being fed, washed, and clothed, in the face of Nicaraguan misery. In his novel *Underdogs*, Mariano Azuela writes of a young intellectual that he "already shared this hidden, implacably mortal hatred of the upper classes, of his officers, and his superiors, felt that a veil had been removed from his eyes; clearly, now he saw the final outcome of the struggle." The Tenderfoot, as Pancho Villa's soldiers called him, was not an Indian but was trying his best to become one, and the peasants pitied him.

In the Museum of Fine Arts in Lima, only a single room bore the sign "Pre-Columbian Art." The rest belonged to the bric-a-brac of Europe, barbarically interpreted by a New World. I passed savage churches in misused stone and saw crowds of people crossing themselves in their murky depths or just passing by. I walked under heavy, carved, wooden balconies, in a city that had no sun, and where the dust covered everything like a plague.

Beside Lima was the ocean. Muddy green, its waves long and rolling, almost hidden by the fog, the ocean whis-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pered with its pebbly beaches, undercutting the dusty cliffs with the city on their edge. From the ocean, gray shadows came and glided between the glass curtain-walls of Old Lima.

Pterodactyls were flying over Lima. Pelicans, dignified, atavistic, and funny. They were sad because there was no more fish, and they were starving. *Pesqueros* were also sad because there was no fish. They had overfished for years and ground the anchovies into fish flour, becoming millionaires, one and all. They were wondering, like the pelicans, what was going on.

The sky above the Andes was dark and immobile. From its middle a sun shone—white and sharp and different from the one we know. The mountain was endless, ordered; on its sides eternal snows melted eternally, while the trains crawled along, full of people eating in panic. In the Andes, a man must be religious.

The road to Sillustani was pure Third World: unpaved, treacherous, hard, like a tribute. In unearthly absence a lake existed, searingly blue, surrounded by reeds and water plants which scattered cattle ate, standing halfway in the water.

"In Oregon," said Campbell, an American biologist to me, "cows don't graze in water." Campbell, his Scottish-German-American eyes humorous, was as unlike Benjamin Linder as a man could be, for he had come to Peru to work, and be paid for it. Campbell knew Peru—he was the man who told me of Sillustani—yet, he never talked of the Indios, whose fisheries he was trying to protect. Whereas Linder was young and had started working as a circus artist in Managua, Campbell was middle-aged, and for him the Revolution meant clearing the ancient pre-Incaic irrigation canals on the coast and letting the desert bloom, as it had once before, out of anyone's memory.

There was a promontory in the lake, and it must have been an island, once. On it, strangely unencompassable the stone *chulpas* stood, base up, outside time, space, memory, even the imagination. They were old.

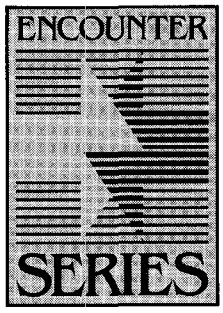
"The *chulpas* are tombs," said Campbell, knowing more than any man could. The gargantuan truncated cones could have been telephone booths, for all I, or anyone else could argue. The stones were sculpted by someone Henry Moore must have imitated—fairly regular, their joints formed thin, geometric lines, the only such I haven't seen on paper. Some granite stones were lying around, like Lego blocks. The blocks were 20 feet long, 15 feet wide, 10 feet thick.

There is a past in Peru, as in much of the rest of Latin America. Whoever built Sillustani knew as much as men ever did or possibly will.

There are worlds of different weight, and to know them is to praise God—Garcilaso de la Vega, an Inca, came back after a long stay in Spain still an Indian, while Pizzaro remained forever a Spaniard. Today, Peruvians recognize him in bronze, on Lima's Plaza de Armas. "*Caballero sin caballo,*" an old Indian woman laughed after me at the Juliaca fair, paying homage to my origins. Benjamin Linder, on the other hand, was a victim, because he was a gringo. The thousands of Chicanos congregating in Chicago's Lake Shore Park are not, nor will they ever be: impassive and stolid, they lift weights at the Y and speak little. If their rivers in the Altiplano are carrying detergent foam, they know who's to blame, for they have been taught well, by the same people as Benjamin Linder. They know they have rights. In the land of the gringos, they search for peace, unwilling to forego anything.

Peoples ebb and flow—the Chicanos' only obligation may be to reclaim North America that their cousins have let go, in an unforgotten and an unforgiven past. The future, ever so fickle and brief, belongs to those who would grasp it, sinless and guiltless. When the Incas subdued the Mochicas, the Aymara and the Quechuas, or when the Aztecs ripped out the hearts of thousands of victims, history was theirs, regardless of who built the pyramids, the chulpas, Sacsahuamán, or Quenco. Octavio Paz, the blue-eyed European Indian, was not on hand to lament anyone's fate; Benjamin Linder's parents had no counterparts. The Indios then probably stood the same as today; somber, sullen, their bare feet caked with mud, their enormous black toenails turned like talons.

DEMOCRACY AND THE RENEWAL OF PUBLIC EDUCATION

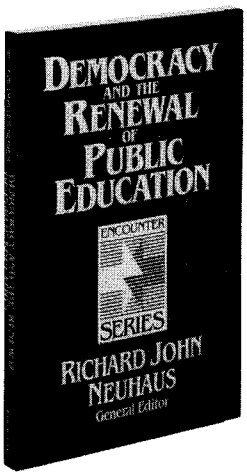


Paper, $9.95

ENCOUNTER SERIES, VOLUME 4
Richard John Neuhaus, General Editor

The **Encounter Series** presents the dialogue of a diverse group of theologians, ethicists, philosophers, and public policy experts on issues involving the relationship of politics and public affairs. In this newest addition to the series, leading educators and analysts examine the current status of the American public education system and propose ways in which it might be made more democratic and representative of our pluralistic society.

In five main addresses—by Richard A. Baer, Jr., Charles L. Glenn, Rockne M. McCarthy, James W. Skillen, and Paul C. Vitz—and subsequent discussion, the conference participants share their ideas about what is wrong with education in America, and offer proposals for its renewal. Paul Vitz's essay includes a summary of his recent and widely-publicized report on the depiction of religion and traditional values in American textbooks.



E724

At your bookstore, or write:
WM. B. EERDMANS PUBLISHING CO.
255 JEFFERSON AVE. S.E. / GRAND RAPIDS, MICH. 49503

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

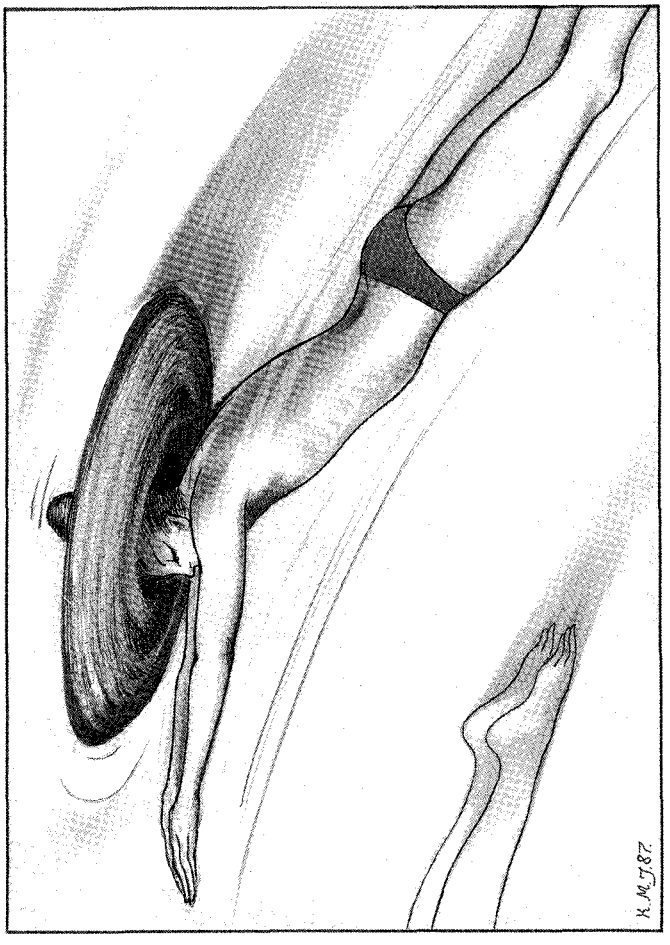
THE WAR OF MEXICAN AGGRESSION

by Odie B. Faulk

". . . As honest men it behooves us to learn the extent of our inheritance, and as brave ones not to whimper if it should prove less than we had supposed."

—John Tyndall

Much in the news recently, especially in the Southwest, is the problem of illegal immigration from south of the border. Another frequent subject of media attention is the snowballing Mexican debt and the threat that this nation will not be able to meet its obligations. The two problems—a stagnant economy and the mass exodus northward—are interrelated and show no signs of easy resolution.



Many of the reporters on Mexico's present financial and social chaos take pains to say that our neighbor would have a far greater ability to handle its debts and its problems had not the United States taken so large a slice of its territory in the war of 1846-1848. The Mexican War, as this conflict is mistakenly called, is pictured as a case of American aggression—what some commentators call "the most disgraceful episode in American history."

Every reader of textbooks about the American experience, from grade school to college level, *knows* that the United States instigated the war with Mexico in 1846, that James K. Polk deliberately plotted a conflict of aggression against a weak and helpless neighbor to acquire territory he coveted, and that every American should feel guilty about this episode.

This past week, when I heard this lie repeated yet again, I pulled from the shelf the first *Instructor's Manual* for a college American history text that came to hand. In it I found this suggested multiple-choice question: "President James K. Polk deliberately provoked war with Mexico in order to acquire (a) New Mexico (b) California (c) Texas (d) all of the above." The correct answer was "d." There was no asking *if* Polk had started the conflict. Rather, the only question was the amount of territory he intended to acquire. The cause of the war was American imperialism pure and simple.

Even a cursory look at the facts reveals greater complexity than the standard textbook simplism—and a far different picture of where guilt should be assigned. Among the several reasons often cited as causes of the war between the United States and Mexico are:

First, Manifest Destiny. According to this theory, Americans in 1846 were united in believing that their nation had a divinely ordained destiny to rule all of North America. I suspect most frontiersmen, if accused of Manifest Destiny, would have shot first and inquired later what this might mean. Americans in 1846 were no more united in a single belief than are their descendants in 1987. It is patently absurd to assert such a claim.

Odie B. Faulk is author of Arizona: A Short History *(University of Oklahoma Press) and of other standard volumes of Southwestern history.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Second, cultural conflict. There have been charges that Americans and Mexicans hated each other, and this led to war. In the 141 years since that war, there has been no great increase in love between the two nationalities, but this has not led to another war.

Third, the vacuum theory. This is the belief that "nature abhors a vacuum." Thus in 1846, when much of the Southwest was thinly populated, Americans rushed in to fill the empty space. A cursory glance at population statistics for Mexico in the 1980's shows that Baja California, Sonora, and Chihuahua still are thinly populated, but Americans have not rushed in to claim this land.

Fourth, a "slaveocracy conspiracy." In Congress in the 1840's the question of annexing Texas had been joined with the Whig Party's fight against the institution of slavery and any extension of it to additional territory. Southerners, according to some Whig orators, had conspired to introduce settlers in Texas, settlers who at the proper moment would revolt against Mexico, then seek annexation to the United States so that slavery could spread westward. This claim was patently false. No evidence of such a conspiracy survives.

To justify this theory, a few Whigs proclaimed that Mexico owned all of Texas, a claim so ludicrous that most prominent Whigs contented themselves with asserting that Mexico owned at least that part of Texas between the Nueces River and the Rio Grande. This claim of the Nueces River as the rightful boundary, incidently, was not made by any Mexicans prior to the war. Whigs made it, because they saw it as an issue that might win them the next election, not because they necessarily believed it.

Fifth, a desire to annex California. That James K. Polk wanted California cannot be disputed. However, to argue that he would have started a war to get it is slanderous. The only war he ever dreamed about was a war on the Whigs.

In 1846 California already was lost to Mexico. The only question to be resolved was who would get it: England, the United States, or possibly France. California in the spring of 1846 had no schools or newspapers, no postal system, almost no police or court system, few books, and little protection against Indian raids from the interior. Even communication with Mexico was rare. Many Californians openly expressed their desire for annexation with the United States, while others favored English sovereignty. To add to the confusion there was a virtual civil war raging in the province as Governor Pio Pico contended with Colonel Jose Castro for domination. President Polk was aware of these currents of intrigue and would have been derelict in his duty to protect U.S. national interests, had he not tried to offset British and French designs in the region. With this in mind, Polk had the Pacific Squadron of the U.S. Navy standing by, just as he had Captain John Charles Fremont and a detachment of American soldiers operating in the area waiting for the right moment to intervene on behalf of American interests.

Sixth, the claims question. This concerned the payment of debts owed to American citizens by the Mexican government—legitimate debts somewhat inflated but which in that era were considered just cause for war. In 1838 France invaded Mexico (the so-called Pastry War) over claims owed French citizens. The claims issue had simmered between the United States and Mexico since 1829. In 1846 these had not been settled, but they did not cause the outbreak of fighting.

Finally, it was not the annexation of Texas to the Union that began the war with Mexico, although many historians have argued this. On March 1, 1845, President John Tyler signed the joint resolution calling for the annexation of Texas, and five days later Mexican Ambassador Juan N. Almonte demanded his passport and stormed out of the United States, asserting that the annexation of Texas amounted to a declaration of war. However, his actions were motivated by Mexican internal politics, not by any real belief that Texas was still owned by Mexico. Texans had declared independence in 1836, had maintained that independence for almost 10 years, and had been recognized as independent by the United States, England, France, and several other nations. Even Mexico in the summer of 1845 offered to formally recognize Texas independence, provided Texans would not join the Union. Then what did cause the war between the United States and Mexico?

After Mexico won its independence from Spain, two political parties emerged: the Centralists and the Federalists. The Centralists favored a strong central government, while the Federalists wanted a government patterned after the United States. In 1822-1823 the Centralists were in power. Then the Federalists assumed control and wrote the Constitution of 1824 establishing a federal republic.

Stable constitutional government lasted only until 1829 when there began a series of revolutions which culminated in 1835 when Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna overthrew the constitution and set himself up as dictator (which, incidentally, led to rebellion in seven Mexican states, including Texas). Chaos followed with coup and countercoup, revolution and counterrevolution. In 1845, when Texas sought annexation to the United States, the Federalists had just regained power. Ambassador Almonte was the representative of a Centralist regime and expected to be ordered home momentarily. His protest at the annexation of Texas, therefore, was intended more to embarrass the Federalists and solidify popular support for the Centralists than to represent any genuine Mexican claim to Texas.

During the remainder of the year 1845, the Centralists used the issue of the annexation of Texas to work a majority of Mexicans into a war fever. President Polk that year tried every honorable means to avoid war. Early in his administration he inquired if the Federalist government in Mexico would receive a minister empowered to negotiate all points of difference between the two nations. Assured that such an ambassador would be received, Polk dispatched John Slidell with an offer to purchase New Mexico and California.

However, by the time Slidell arrived in Mexico, the Centralists had created such a climate of hatred that no government there could even talk with the United States. Slidell left Mexico without being able to discuss the issues. Then early in 1846 came yet another revolution in Mexico with the Centralists returning to power under the leadership of Mariano Paredes.

War broke out in 1846, primarily because Mariano Paredes and his advisors believed that such a war would be won by Mexico. They thought they could count on British aid in the event of war (a belief the British encouraged, for in 1845-46 they were negotiating the boundary between

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American and British holdings in the Oregon country). Moreover, French military observers were telling the Mexicans that they could win an easy victory over the United States. In 1846 Mexico had a regular army of 27,000 men, while the American army numbered 7,200. Moreover, the Mexicans were armed with more modern weapons and were better trained. The United States would have to fight with volunteers, and, reasoned the French observers, in any contest between regulars and volunteers the regulars would prevail. Also, for the United States to win, its army would have to invade Mexico across broad deserts where problems of supply alone would defeat them. However, if Mexicans invaded the United States, they would be joined by slaves revolting against their masters and possibly by Indians, and there would be a triumphant march on Washington, DC. This explains President Paredes' statement in the spring of 1846 that before he would negotiate with Americans he would see the "Eagle and Serpent" of Mexico floating over The White House.

This attitude also explains President Paredes' letter to the commander of his Army of the North, General Pedro de Ampudia, on April 18, 1846: "At the present time I suppose you to be at the head of our valiant army, either fighting already or preparing for the operations of the campaign. . . . It is indispensable that hostilities be commenced, yourself taking the initiative against the enemy." Paredes confidently expected the first news of victory from the north would cause the Mexican populace to rise up and proclaim him king.

Five days later, on April 23, 1846, the Mexican Senate in secret session declared a "defensive war" against the United States. The next day, April 24, long before either President Paredes' letter or the secret declaration of the Mexican Senate could have reached the Rio Grande, General Mariano Arista replaced General Ampudia as commander of Mexican forces on the northern frontier. Arista immediately issued orders for some 1,600 cavalry to cross the Rio Grande and attack American forces on the north side of the river. That same afternoon a Mexican force came upon Captain William Thornton and about 60 American dragoons, and "American blood was shed on American soil."

The conflict of 1846-1848 was one in which the United States was clearly justified in its actions. It was a conflict in which our armed forces performed brilliantly and in which we exacted the just fruits of our victory. This also was a conflict which the Mexican government deliberately sought, one which it confidently expected to win. This war, most properly, should be recalled as "the War of Mexican Aggression."

I can understand that Mexicans today, through a sense of national pride, may "whimper" that their inheritance was less than they expected. What I cannot understand is what impels so many Americans deliberately to ignore the facts and call this a disgraceful episode in our history.

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS *by Geoffrey Wagner*

Reflecting on his upbringing in Trinidad, V.S. Naipaul denies cultural identity to his part of the Caribbean: "Nothing bound us together except this common residence." Indeed, the area called Caribbean is constantly redefining itself. Its tongues include English, French, Spanish, and Dutch. Its population shows large deposits of Chinese and Indians as well as African blacks. Island status, often thought of as a defining factor, is not a requisite—consider Belize, Guyana, Surinam. Countries have been known to call themselves Caribbean when politic to do so: hearing that Venezuela had done so, the late Prime Minister of Trinidad, Eric Williams, fumed, "I expect to hear Tierra del Fuego called Caribbean next."

The French element (Martinique, Guadeloupe, though not Haiti) has remained departmentally linked to the mainland for obvious social service advantages—the fire-breathing independence movement in Guadeloupe being tiny, and Russian-led. Aruba has refused to become a Dutch-protected entity with the other ABC islands (Aruba, Bonaire, Curaçao), but now seems to be reconsidering. Factional interests—the penalty of insularity everywhere—prevented the ex-British West Indies from uniting. After the war there was the short-lived Federation of the West Indies; then came the inter-island trade community called CARIFTA; then, as the larger islands went independent (Jamaica and Trinidad/Tobago in 1962, Barbados and mainland Guyana in 1966), the Windwards signed the St. Vincent Treaty, with Premiers Mitchell of St. Vincent, Compton of St. Lucia, and Gairy of Grenada endeavoring to set up a free union of goods and people.

It did not last long—trade tariffs went up, visas were required—nor did the strident St. George's Agreement of 1979, under whose banner Grenada's Maurice Bishop hoped to organize Caribbean Communism. This too became another forgotten scrap of paper. The Windwards were granted Associate Statehood, from which category Grenada was the first to free itself (under Gairy) in 1974. Still the inter-island bickerings continue, as in attempts by Tobago to secede from Trinidad, or Barbuda from Antigua. Grenada is presently the second smallest member of the UN, but if Barbuda obtained independence, it would vote in the UN off a population of 700. Montserrat has remained a Crown Colony, as has tiny Anguilla, but the latter is now muttering about independence, a cause no politician can oppose (just as no one can publicly support prostitution or

Geoffrey Wagner is Emeritus Professor of the City University of New York, with a number of books to his credit; he lives in Grenada and writes frequently on the region.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

apartheid). Most of Anguilla works for a luxury hotel complex.

With all the inter-island alliances failing one after another, England can hardly be blamed for wanting to rid itself of these embarrassing colonial remnants, running on deficits, and as difficult to defend as to define demographically. If it is true that half the present citizens of Nicaragua are under 16, then 60 percent of the ex-British Caribbean, from Jamaica to Guyana, are under *15*. Into this milieu, of course, Communism plants its poison. Meanwhile, these secessions have made for some interesting sociology.

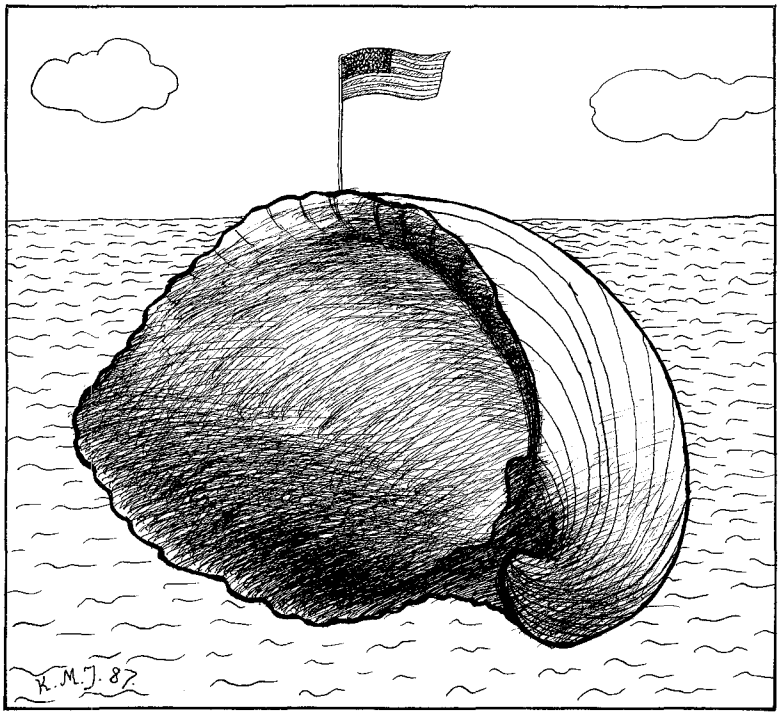
Generally speaking, the British left an authoritarian and hierarchical society with which the average agricultural West Indian felt, and still feels, comfortable—partly because of the strong religious element bequeathed by the French: An island like Grenada is 95 percent Catholic, the rest being Baptist spin-offs and fringe religions. The schools are notoriously conservative, so much so there have been cases of West Indians living in "liberal" London boroughs, sending their children back to the islands for more disciplined schooling. Children must attend in uniforms, paid for by their parents—usually mothers—and the cane is not uncommon; in fact, corporal punishments ("strokes") are often awarded in magistrates' courts, particularly in Trinidad, where rapes are unpleasantly routine. All the islands retained capital punishment when England abolished it in 1965.

The result has been a standard of behavior, a code of manners perhaps exemplified in cricket, which is followed with passion throughout the islands and at which West Indians excel. During his interregnum, Bishop discouraged cricket in Grenada, importing Cuban boxers. He had little effect. Cricket is a grave, complicated game that has not changed since I played it as a boy, and it is rare that umpires' decisions are disputed—when the Jamaican fast bowler Michael Holding jostled an umpire in a match in New Zealand he was sharply rebuked in the West Indian press. The Guyanese Clive Lloyd, who captained so many West Indian teams to victory, was a model of sportsmanship and personal conduct on the field.

There is no doubt that all this seeps down into public behavior locally. Obscene language is disallowed and, outside Jamaica and Trinidad, relatively little heard—certainly compared with the streets of Manhattan—while in Grenada, beach nudity is not merely frowned on, it is also illegal (I have known old biddies guarding their goats to report cases to the police). Put three West Indians to work for you in your garden, and two will be calling the third "Sir" in five minutes.

This sort of social grading is based on an innate respect, and everyone greets everyone else (except in the cities). This recognition of the individual, a real feature of life in the islands, was exemplified for me when a market dame, standing beside her stall of vegetables, watched a Rasta, clearly high on "de weed," twitch past, giggling. "Him don't like himself," she said, the translation of which was that man is created in the image of God, and such a creature had so debased that image he hated himself. Playing snooker in the St. George's Club (which has to be the most select in the world since there are only 18 members, most from the judiciary), I have more than once decided that senior West Indians are the last Englishmen around. Now, however, thanks to geographical proximity, the global village, tourism, rapid transit, and media influence, America has come into the picture. The vertical world meets the horizontal. You are no longer Sir or Madam, but a buddy.

In the previous value system in the islands, behavior was coded to a norm, or an expectancy of behavior. As a result, nearly all white residents dressed conservatively. Tourists could wear what they liked; if they dressed sloppily (or, in the case of women, suggestively), then they couldn't think much of themselves. Them didn't like themselves. In the past 20 years, however, tourism and settlement in these islands have shifted radically from British to American (and Canadian, which I call north North American). The EC (Eastern Caribbean) dollar has, as a consequence, linked itself with the American dollar rather than with sterling. Changes in American and, especially, Canadian immigration laws mean a warmer welcome for ex-colonials than in England, for which Windward Islanders, at any rate, needed no visa before independence. Whole unions in New York City—nurses and hospital paramedics, for example—are ex-Jamaican today. Miami is heavily Caribbean-serviced. The Bahamas are a prolongation of Florida; you can pass through U.S. immigration at Nassau. A headline in *The Economist* of March 10, 1984, put this Caribbean turn from Albion to America in a nutshell—"Say Something If Only Goodbye."



So a new white class has been structured into this once slow-moving society. It is not based on social caste, however indigent that may be (I am thinking of the many impoverished English retirees who used to put themselves out to grass in the islands), but on the privilege of money. Americans come and go, rapidly and with ease. They do not behave as expected of white people, often walking

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At Machu Picchu

by Elizabeth Marion

It's winter in our hemisphere; brute dark
steals off with light at briefest intervals,
and bitter winds can blow out every spark
of passion heaped against inimical,
destructive forces which may separate,
propel us into chaos. If, dear, now
you must leave me in order to placate
a power we neither understand, may you
not be enticed beyond the limits of
curved orbit binding both, but soon return,
intense with quickening warmth, give back our love
its vernal strength.

For this, I'll gladly learn
to mimic priests at mountain altar here,
fling out toward you wide net of fervent prayer.

---

around braless and untidy and using drugs. It could be said that yachtsfolk, equally dirty and barefoot, offered the same spectacle, but one could add that the average West Indian didn't quite know how to deal with them sociologically, either. Them, too, hate themselves.

Now, however, the local cane cutter or banana grower is adjured to encourage this element, since tourism is vital to these islands. During the season, Barbados will get as many as 800 tourist arrivals a day, nearly all of them American. It would be bankrupt without tourism. So would Antigua, which regularly imports water from Dominica. I would not like to think what would happen to either of those islands if cut off by a war. For though the Caribbean has been called America's backyard, it is strategically more like its front door. Managua is closer to Washington than is California.

The alien manners system introduced by American tourism carries further pressures behind it. The first dishes have sprouted in the islands—the video-cassette finding a ready outlet in a world more or less devoid of cinemas or theaters—and U.S. TV shows the good life coming down from America. West Indians hardly had to be told this, so many of them having relatives in "the States." Many Jamaicans are, in fact, on food stamps, and the other day I stood in line at my bank behind two locals cashing their Social Security checks (both larger than my own). TV's pressure, by being geared to the American way, is bound to change the balance of life in the islands. Already Trinidad has complained of saturation by U.S. programming, yet can substitute nothing in its place. Beside the glossy life-style on display, the British seem a drab and impoverished lot when those few who do come step off their cheapie cruise or airline tours (moreover, they're inferior at cricket). In fact, those English who build houses for themselves in the region tend to be very rich absentee landlords, which only exacerbates the situation (Lord Brownlow in Grenada).

Furthermore, to the emigrating West Indian middle class, England looks absurdly vulnerable to the latest American trend or fad. Even under Maurice Bishop, who roared away about women's rights, feminism never got a foothold in Grenada. Also, the smaller islands must be the least homosexual places in the world (AIDS unknown). But no sooner have some Yale students dedicated a shanty to Winnie Mandela than some London borough, like Islington or Hackney, will leap-frog them with glorification of an even more extreme and bloodthirsty revolutionary.

Nevertheless, while evidently vulnerable to such trends, Thatcher's England has at least tried to stop some of the nonsense; immigration laws have been tightened and the Greater London Council abolished. The latter, incidentally, had no copyright on diversion of tax funds to support radical political advocacy and sexual deviation; the American taxpayers' pockets have been rifled, too, on the same scurvy errands.

This misled Yankee ingenuity could be summarized in the case of the feminist founder of Aplex Corp. who wants to persuade women to stand up while urinating and is even marketing a device (Le Funelle) for them to do so. One notes here the instant respectability accorded to the idiocy; the good lady has incorporated herself. A put-on? Not at all. Nothing succeeds like excess, as Wilde had it—and least of all in America, one could add. There is more than one congressman who has expressed satisfaction with the Soviet occupation of Afghanistan. Tim Wirth (now senator from Colorado): "In the long run, the Russian invasion of Afghanistan will turn out to be a stabilizing influence in the Middle East" (Boulder, Colorado, *Daily Camera*, January 18, 1980). America looks like a very permissive society, indeed, to the average West Indian native. He may not respect it, but he can get something out of it, the reverse of his attitude to England.

In Grenada, when the Communist Maurice Bishop seized power in 1979, the populace was subjected to nonstop vilification of America and/or capitalism (its Politburo code word), to say nothing of the filth hurled on Ronald Reagan ("eater of babies"). I listened to four and a half years of this at close hand. The schools and churches were attacked. But despite the introduction of Marxist educational lackeys, like the British Alan Searle, these elements remained remarkably resilient in the face of indoctrination. Children were made to chant revolutionary songs, attend the political rallies, paint slogans, so forth. It was a full-blooded attack on the vertical society.

Yet despite the lure of unpunished truancy, schoolchildren deserted the rallies, until they eventually petered out. Their parents left the island in droves, not for Africa, but America, or Babylon. For in a curious way the anti-American rhetoric rebounded on itself; it drew unusual attention to the United States—I had more requests to bring down a motorbike from the States than at any other time, and I doubt if a Russian model would have been appreciated. Later, after Bishop's deposition and murder, the drift to America was intensified. In October 1985 the Queen paid Grenada a visit in order to open the first democratically elected parliament since the 1979 coup. Admittedly it was raining, but her visit did not, frankly, arouse much interest, certainly not as much as had her first visit in 1966, when friends put her up. On this occasion she went on to New Zealand, where eggs were thrown at her. In Grenada there was the usual smattering of Anglophile civil

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

servants about to receive the OBE (Obey Brass Eagerly), but I saw more Stars and Stripes displayed by shopkeepers in the capital than the Union Jacks issued them. One sign read: England Forsaked Us; America Saved Us. On February 20, 1986, Reagan paid a similar visit and was met with rapturous applause by nearly half the island at the Queen's Park cricket ground. The turn from a Europocentric way of life was clear.

Still, if these islands God made from de rainbow (as the saying goes) are today inhabited by young people looking to America as a model, we may expect the worst as well as the best of the horizontal American freedom to infect them. Grenada's brief embrace of Maurice Bishop was, apart from fatigue with the incumbent (Gairy), less hatred of capitalism than infatuation with imported '60ish American socialism. When this was run on to its end in dictatorship, the island reneged on its enthusiasm, and considerable satisfaction was felt in 1986, when 14 (including a woman) were sentenced to be hanged for the murder of Bishop and his Ministers.

Does, then, this sociological shift make for political volatility? It certainly does. After the Grenada intervention, "Fast Eddie" Seaga took Jamaica from the Marxist Manley by 51 votes out of 60. Were there a Jamaican election tomorrow, this count could be reversed (as it was in recent municipal elections). The Caribbean Basin Initiative was confidently predicated on the hope that local governments would remain stable, given a strong free economy. Certainly "Tom" Adams provided as much in Barbados and carried all before him during intervention; however, when he subsequently died, his successor lost to the anti-American Errol Barrow, who took 23 seats out of 25. Regionally oil-rich Trinidad went to the polls in December 1986, and incumbent George Chambers, successor to Sir Eric Williams, did not merely lose, he also went down to virtually unknown A.N.R. Robinson by 33 seats to three! All this, to say the least, makes any sort of rational interpretive diplomacy in the region very difficult.

THE SILENT INVASION *by Wayne Lutton*

"It is surely arguable that during the third century of American existence the main problem of this nation will be—it already is—that of immigration and migration, mostly from the so-called Third World."

—John Lukacs

Last year the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) apprehended 1.8 million illegal aliens along our southern border—less than half the number who tried to enter. This was in addition to approximately 500,000 legal immigrants, a number greater than the number of immigrants accepted by the other 150-odd nations combined.

Last fall, the Simpson-Rodino Immigration Reform Act passed into law. While it does attempt to discourage illegal immigration by providing penalties for employers who knowingly hire illegal aliens, the law also grants amnesty for aliens who can document that they have resided in our country since before January 1, 1982. Given the easy availability of forged records and the generous attitude of volunteer organizations enlisted by the federal government to assist with amnesty processing (some of which have a record of sympathy with the sanctuary movement), the public's demand for immigration control may have been subverted by the very legislation that has been enacted to cope with the problem.

Indeed, after a brief slowdown in border apprehensions from late fall through early February of this year, it is now clear that aliens are still coming in larger and larger numbers. Though the United States is a part of the Western world, only 5 percent of the legal immigrants last year came from Europe. The rest of the legal immigrants—and the overwhelming percentage of the illegals—came from the Third World. Many are from Mexico and Central America. But other people from India, China, the Middle East, and Africa are using Mexico as a trampoline to enter the United States. The San Diego border patrol office intercepted illegal aliens from 67 countries along its sector last year. This experience is true for stations in Texas. In Florida, in addition to increasing numbers of Cubans, Colombians, and Haitians, Sikhs and Bangladeshi have been among the foreign nationals caught trying to enter.

Twelve years ago, General Leonard Chapman, then Commissioner of the INS, warned: "Illegal immigration is out of control." More recently, President Ronald Reagan testified that "This country has lost control of its own borders and no country can sustain that kind of position." Yet, massive immigration continues and may be surpassing the all-time highs recorded at the turn of the 20th century. Nor has there been much public attention given to the question of how large-scale immigration will affect the future of the United States. As sociologists Glaister and Evelyn Elmer of Indiana University note, it is highly debatable "whether a population diversity unprecedented in a democratic country will lead to the great and tranquil society we all desire or to divisiveness and eventual disintegration." Eric Severeid, the veteran CBS newsman and one of the first journalists labeled a "neoconservative," expressed his concern for the future of our country. In an interview with the *Christian Science Monitor* (January 28, 1987), he remarked that one of the "truly major issues" that must be dealt with is what he calls "the vast tidal wave of human beings" moving from the Third World into the Western nations. "There is fragmentation going on in this

Wayne Lutton is research director for The Summit, Manitou Springs, Colorado.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

country," he observes. "At what point," he asks, "does cultural, racial diversity become a kind of social anarchy? How do you get national cohesion this way?"

It has been said that Americans would rather live with comfortable myths than confront "inconvenient" realities. John F. Kennedy's pedestrian observation that "We are a nation of immigrants" (what nation isn't?) is used by many as an excuse for failing to come to grips with the problems associated with the great influx of peoples we are experiencing today. The economic, social, public health, political, and national security dangers inherent in allowing immigration without limit to continue are real. We can no longer afford the luxury of pretending that they simply do not exist.

According to the latest figures from the Labor Department, over seven million Americans are currently unemployed; but this figure does not include those who are underemployed or those who have simply given up looking for work. During a time of sustained high un- and underemployment, the United States has been importing record numbers of foreign workers, both legal and illegal. Immigrants have been admitted without efforts to determine their labor-market impact. Vernon Briggs of Cornell University finds that only 5 percent of legal immigrants have come here because they possess skills that are in short supply in the U.S. or because they are especially distinguished in their fields.

It has often been noted that if aliens were displacing lawyers, bureaucrats, professors, and media personalities, swift action would be taken to halt the flood. But those most directly affected by aliens in the labor force are not people who make their living by verbal ability.

There are two common mistakes made about alien workers: first, that they are mostly engaged in seasonal agricultural labor, and second, that they generally take jobs that American citizens will not perform. In fact, relatively few foreign workers are farmhands or dishwashers. Only 15 percent of employed aliens work in agriculture. Most work in cities, in heavy and light industry, construction, and the service sectors.

Donald Huddle of Rice University has found that for every 100 aliens employed in a given employment sector, at least 65 Americans are displaced or remain unemployed. Among those most directly affected by alien job-seekers are members of our minority populations, teenagers, and part-time workers. It is increasingly difficult for entry-level applicants in parts of California, Texas, and Florida to find any employment without being able to speak a version of Spanish or some Asian dialect. Do we not have a prior responsibility to our homegrown entry and marginally employable before we admit more unskilled workers? It is all the more important to address the condition of our hard-pressed citizens, as it seems likely that technology will eliminate a large proportion of the relatively "simple" jobs in the service, office, and manufacturing areas. As Bruce Nussbaum commented in his book *The World After Oil*, "The last thing America is going to need in the years ahead is a flood of unskilled labor. As technocasualties mount, a growing number of de-skilled people will be moving into the unskilled-labor pool. Hence a growing number of people, many of them furious at their new lower status in life, will be competing for a shrinking number of jobs."

In recent years the INS has conducted a number of raids on job sites where large numbers of aliens have been employed. Aliens have often been found to be paid more than the minimum wage—frequently as much as $9.00 or $10.00 an hour. Prof. Huddle estimates that 3.5 million Americans are unemployed because of illegal aliens. The citizens displaced from such jobs are a cost to all of us. And it is impossible to place a price tag on the damage done to families affected by alien-induced unemployment.

Defenders of liberal immigration policies often claim that aliens rarely use social services and actually contribute more in taxes than they receive in benefits. Recent studies indicate that aliens are making heavy and increasing use of tax-supported services and often at higher rates than citizens do. For example:

—Nearly 80 percent of the infants born at Los Angeles County public hospitals are born to mothers who are illegal aliens.

—Ten percent of the population of El Salvador now lives in California. The State Department reports that Salvadorans residing in the Los Angeles area cost U.S. taxpayers a minimum of $875 million annually.

—Following the wave of Cubans and Haitians who were illegally permitted to remain in the U.S. in 1980, the state of Florida has had to spend an additional $500 million every year to meet the welfare demands of these uninvited residents.

—Thousands of Southeast Asians in California have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

continued to receive aid for a period ranging from four to 10 years, "raising the possibility that a permanent welfare class has emerged," according to the *Los Angeles Times* (February 9, 1987). As many as 75 percent of those on welfare also earn unreported cash incomes in side jobs.

—A spot check conducted by the Illinois Attorney General revealed that 45 percent of the aliens who applied for jobless benefits were illegals.

Aside from the costs of welfare and education, America is being victimized by new gangs of alien criminals. The *New York Times* (March 21, 1987) reported that "As the Mafia's role declines, the multi-billion-dollar heroin trade is increasingly being conducted by criminal organizations that together sound like a United Nations of drug smugglers, including Chinese, Thais, Pakistanis, Indians, Iranians, Afghans, Nigerians, and Israelis." These new ethnic criminal organizations pose a major challenge to law enforcement, given the diverse languages and cultures represented. The President's Commission on Organized Crime, in a final report issued in the spring of 1986, warned that Chinese and Jews from the Soviet Union were among the best organized crime groups. Jamaicans have been tied to hundreds of murders as well as gunrunning and drug trafficking across the United States. A Nigerian recently arrested for involvement in a large credit-card fraud ring told reporters that he especially liked Americans, "because they are so trusting."

California, dubbed by *Time* magazine our first "Third World state," is experiencing a new crime wave fostered by illegal aliens. Donna Coultice, INS deputy assistant regional commissioner in Los Angeles, reported this spring that "Illegal aliens are involved in one third of the rapes and murders and one fourth of the burglaries in San Diego County. In Orange County they account for over half of the homicides. . . . Aliens are responsible for about 90 percent of the narcotics trafficking in Santa Ana (CA) and 80 percent of that in Fullerton (CA). . . . Four hundred illegal aliens a month are added to the California prison system for various crimes."

Some of the "prosperity" enjoyed by Miami and other towns in Florida, Texas, California, and Hawaii has been fueled by funds pouring into these areas by foreign-born criminals. As many as 40,000 hard-core criminals were welcomed by President Carter with "an open heart and open arms" when Castro initiated the Mariel exodus in 1980. In late April of this year, it was widely reported that Castro is organizing a new "boat lift." The *Washington Times* of April 16 noted that among the potential new "refugees" are Cuban troops who have caught AIDS in Angola.

Our country is now faced by serious health problems related to immigration. The Third World is a culture flask for pathogens. Diseases previously unheard of in the United States, but prevalent in the Third World, are making their appearance here. Diseases once practically eradicated are breaking out again.

J. Michael McGinnis, deputy assistant secretary of the U.S. Department of Health & Human Services, told a national dental convention that "Along the border, we have a prevalence of diseases that we shouldn't be seeing much of in modern Western society. We have higher rates of such things as malaria, tuberculosis, measles, rubella, rabies, and pertussis (whooping cough)." The recent reversal of the steady national decline in TB can be attributed almost entirely to the flood of immigrants. Dr. Shirley Fannin, associate director of Communicable Disease Programs for Los Angeles County, has pointed out that "All of these immigrants and refugee areas—Mexico, Central America, and Southeast Asia—are high endemic TB areas; so they literally bring the disease with them." Over 90 percent of our several thousand lepers are refugees or immigrants from Asia and Mexico. Dr. Barry Dorfman, chief of refugee health programs for the state of California, advised in early May of this year that the U.S., especially the Western states, would experience more cases of leprosy as a result of recent immigration patterns.

Unfortunately, diseased aliens have ample opportunities to spread their illnesses to the general population. Aliens are heavily employed in the food and beverage sector of the economy. Few states and municipalities require persons employed in food handling to be examined for parasites or other potentially infectious health problems before they begin working. For example, last fall, eight people in suburban Washington, DC, came down with typhoid fever, caught at a well-known fast-food restaurant. Local health authorities tracked the typhoid to a salad prepared by an alien employee from a Third World country. And the *Journal of the American Medical Association* has reported on the high rate of AIDS infection found among both male and female Haitians residing in our country. Many of them admit to having participated in voodoo rites, where the bisexual priests spread the virus during the sex orgies that are a frequent feature of voodoo ceremonies. The threat to

In the forthcoming issue of *Chronicles*:

Thought Police

"I believe there is some kind of a natural law (probably a matter of hydraulics) which keeps *the level of corruption* just about the same in every given area of human endeavor. No matter what you do or don't do, the natural depravity quotient will remain roughly the same. The Arts are an exception, attracting more than an average share of scumbags. But please remember we are an open, free society. And one good working definition of freedom is they can't make you be an artist and you don't even have to pretend to appreciate Art."

—George Garrett's John Towne delivers "A (Pardon the Expression) Baccalaureate Address"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

public health presented by Third World immigrants shows no signs of decreasing.

Along our southern border in particular, violence is increasing. U.S. Customs Chief William von Raab has described the situation as a "modern-day horror story" and noted the involvement of Mexican officials in drug smuggling and other criminal activity. John Gavin, while he served as U.S. Ambassador to Mexico, informed Mexican President de la Madrid that Mexican Defense Minister General Juan Arevalo was working in league with drug traffickers, but Gavin's warning was ignored. The volume of drugrunning and banditry is outstripping the ability of the

REVISIONS

Souls in Distress

Tourists seldom give a second thought to the natives who, like hostages, inhabit the lands we only like to visit. As José Emilio Pacheco reminds us in his short, spare *Battles in the Desert & Other Stories* (New York: New Directions Books; $8.95), there is intelligent life out there, and it suffers.

"I can't stop thinking about the body, that gruesome wound, the blood spattered all over, even on the walls. I don't know how my father did it during the Revolution, even though he told me that after a while you get used to seeing dead bodies," writes Pacheco in "The Pleasure Principle." And in "Battles in the Desert" he says, "The extinguished brilliance of the Ottoman Empire still persisted like the light of a long-dead star." History, says Pacheco, matters, and it weighs like a millstone upon the living. It crushes all those who are unable to attain that selective amnesia that is a prerequisite for success.

Mexico is definitely a country with history, yet so is the United States. But in Mexico or Morocco, the legions of the dead hold sway over the remnant of the living. Conservatism per se is no value—"Revolutions," Marshal Foche had said, "are an affliction of the losers." In Mexico, oblivion might be bliss, but its bloodsoaked ground, bleached by a sun Octavio Paz sang paeans to, demands constant libations. The Mexican Feast of the Dead is an ecstatic celebration that children look forward to—like Christmas or Halloween.

Though Pacheco seems eager to equate The Fall with a loss of innocence, others have also suffered the same in regions where The Fall is not perpetual. Willful savagery is the result of something more than lost innocence, and in Mexico the barbarity has become a political institution. "The face of El Señor Presidente was everywhere: immense drawings, idealized portraits, ubiquitous photographs, allegories of progress showing Miguel Aleman as Our Father Who Art in Heaven, laudatory caricatures, monuments. Public adulation, incessant private abuse," writes Pacheco of post-World War II Mexico, though it could well have been of Romania, Uganda, or North Korea. A good book has become the paradigm of a major monstrosity, and the book pales into banality. Pacheco is no Orwell, nor does he attempt to be. The Mexican's eyes are Janus-oriented into his childhood, while Orwell's were turned outward, into a theory.

"War, any war," writes Pacheco, "seemed to me to be the stuff of which movies are made. Sooner or later the good guys win (who are the good guys?). Fortunately, there had been no wars in Mexico since General Cardenas squelched the Saturnino Cedillo uprising. This was difficult for my parents to believe, because their childhood, adolescence, and youth were spent against a background of constant battles and executions." In his yearning for heroism, Pacheco, who seems to have pangs at eating meat, is like any North American boy, eager to push gleaming buttons and stuff himself with ice cream.

But, ice cream is an *áiscrim*, a devilish North American invention, specifically introduced to humiliate the *pueblo nacional*. In a country where guns and knives seem to be a part of the wardrobe, is it any wonder that a boy will mourn the botched execution of a cat ("The Sunken Park")? A macho waiter, who mortifies a young woman intent on slipping a note to a youth she has taken fancy to ("Acheron"), exhibits the wanton, casual cruelty of misplaced virtue, in an environment where righteousness has become the only capital. Yet, bankruptcy is universal: Were that understood, maybe Wall Street bankers would look at more than financial indicators before they offer their loans to Brazil, Yugoslavia, or Nigeria. In lands where honor and courage mean death, money buys only indulgence.

Third World is a state of mind and is probably created more by its elites than by its benighted multitudes. "Even I," writes Pacheco in "Battles in the Desert," "who never knew anything about what was going on, realized that for years my father had been maintaining another household: a woman—his ex-secretary, and two children." "The World is a village," wrote Mao Tse-tung, "and the West is a city, and the village shall vanquish the city." He must have smiled then, senilely and imbecilically as usual, but Pacheco seems to bear him out. "Civilization" is a condition arising out of civility, *civitas*—there's yet to be a rural civilization, American suburbia not excepted. Suburbs, after all, are a lower order of cities.

If Ciudad Mexico is a Wound of the World, it is not because it is a city or because someone had malevolently introduced civilization to Mexico; it is because unkept obligations turn disastrous when the upper classes regard their own people as aliens. *Battles in the Desert & Other Stories* is an honest book by one of Mexico's leading poets about the world we all inhabit, in its First, Second, Third, or Fourth Quarter.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

border patrol and local law enforcement officials to keep up with it in many areas. Howard Ezell, western regional commissioner for the INS, said last November that "The situation is dangerously out of control." Ezell recently authorized the construction of a concrete barrier to help block a five-mile stretch of the border at Otay Mesa, near San Diego, where alien and narcotics smugglers have been driving into our country in big vans. He has joined the chorus of voices calling for the creation of a cleared strip along the border, where nothing could be built. Even moderate Republican Senator Pete Wilson has broached the idea of establishing a military presence along our southern border, a proposal that enjoys widespread public support.

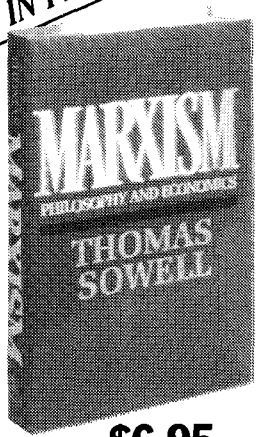
The economic and social problems associated with what amounts to virtually unrestricted immigration are symptomatic of the deeper malaise that seems to affect our society. Americans no longer hold common interests and outlooks. The long-cherished ideal of assimilation, which was feasible as long as we were people with shared traditions and culture, is giving way to what Brent Nelson identifies in his essay "Assimilation: The Ideal & the Reality" as "corporate pluralism," where individual meritocracy is replaced by group rewards. The "Rainbow Coalition" championed by Democratic presidential contender Jesse Jackson illustrates what seems to be a trend. Among Hispanic activists, there is open support for separatist movements springing up in the southwestern United States. At the National Chicano Student Conference held last April at the University of Colorado, Devon Pena, a professor of sociobiology, proclaimed, "White, male America is desperate to conserve its power. The Third World is coming home to the First World and the political and cultural landscape will never be the same."

Perhaps America will weather the storm. We may practically apply the rule laid down by James Madison in his famous report on immigration to the First Congress and "Welcome every person of good fame that really means to incorporate himself into our society, but repel all who will not be a real addition to the wealth and strength of the United States."

But that seems less and less likely. Many Americans have already abandoned our major metropolitan areas, which, as Richard Lamm has noted, are becoming populated by the desperately poor and criminal classes. Now they are starting to flee parts of Florida, Texas, and California that have especially heavy concentrations of Hispanic and Asian immigrants.

The probable outcome of the process of social, cultural, and political disintegration—of which our immigration policies are a part—was suggested by Andrew Hacker in his book *The End of the American Era* (1970): "The United States is about to join other nations of the world which were once prepossessing and are now little more than plots of bounded terrain. Like them, the United States will continue to be inhabited by human life; however, Americans will no longer possess that spirit which transforms a people into a citizenry and turns territory into a nation."

NOW AVAILABLE IN PAPERBACK



$6.95

LAISSEZ FAIRE BOOKS

Order # TS4120

ORDER TOLL-FREE
1-800-238-2200
ext 500
Continental U.S.
• 24 hours a day •
• 7 days a week •

Shattering The Myths Of Marxism

For those familiar with Marxian theory, Thomas Sowell's lively book shatters existing interpretations based on repetition instead of scholarship. For the unitiated, it is a lucid, step-by-step introduction to the subject.

A sampler of the provocative points that make MARXISM a splendid read:

- Why Marx's ringing use of the term "capitalism" was "something of a verbal coup."
- Why "Marxism was — and remains — a mighty instrument for the acquisition and maintenance of political power."
- How Marxists speak boldly "in the name of the workers without their consent [but] in defiance of their contrary views and actions."

"There are many books on Marxism, but this is one of the best." —Library Journal

"... an extraordinarily lucid and carefully reasoned book...."
—Professor Douglas C. North, Washington University

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE:
If for any reason you are dissatisfied with any book, just return it within 30 days for a refund.

Send your order to:
LAISSEZ FAIRE BOOKS Dept CAQ
532 Broadway, New York, NY 10012

☐ Please send me ____ copies of Thomas Sowell's *MARXISM: Philosophy and Economics* for only $6.95 each plus $1.00 postage and handling, or $2.00 UPS ($2.00 for foreign orders). *NY State residents add appropriate sales tax.*

☐ Send me your FREE 32-page catalog of books on liberty.

☐ My check or money order is enclosed for $ ____.
☐ Please bill my ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard

Acct. No. _____
Expir. Date _____
Signature _____
Name (Please Print) _____
Address _____
City/State/Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Invisible Man *by Russell Kirk*

"I never desire to converse with a man who has written more than he has read."

—Samuel Johnson

Going to the Territory by Ralph Ellison, New York: Random House; $19.95.

The late Louis Lomax, columnist and television personality, had delivered a lecture at Ferris State College, Michigan, when there arose in the audience a large, militant, black activist. "Lomax," said this challenger, grimly, "do you call yourself black?"

"Do you want that with a small b or a capital B?" Lomax inquired, shaking his head.

"Well, Lomax, do you call yourself Afro-American?"

"No, brother."

"Then do you call yourself Negro?"

"No."

"You mean you call yourself *colored*?"

"No."

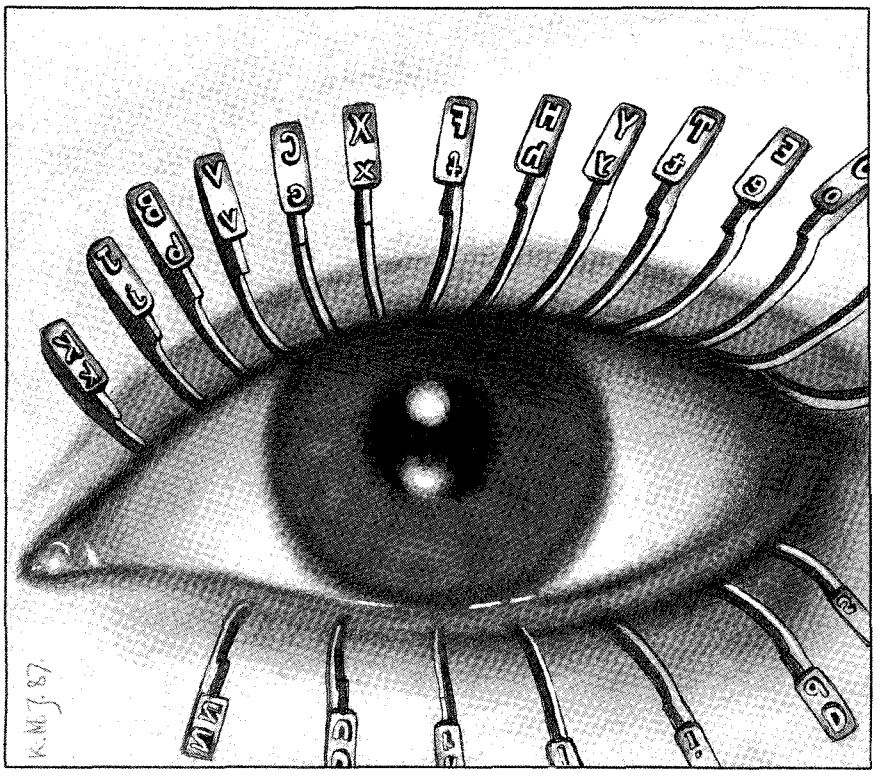
"Then what do you call yourself?"

"Louis Lomax."

Mr. Ralph Ellison, although for the most part he writes about the Negro (the term he employs), also does not need to be classified according to pigmentation or ideological fad: He stands in his own right as a man of letters. A gentleman of presence, he is one of the more temperate and tolerant writers of our time, urbane and courageous. He wrote a first novel that presumably will be his last novel: *Invisible Man* (1952), at once realistic and fantastic, moving and convincing, the best American fiction of the past several decades. Like Santayana, Ellison can rest with a single novel and still be numbered always among our principal authors of fiction.

One volume of essays and occasional pieces, *Shadow and Act*, followed *Invisible Man*. This new collection, *Going to the Territory*, is the only book Mr. Ellison has given us since then. He could have made a great deal of money and obtained a great deal of attention by churning out magazine articles and sensational novels; but Ralph Ellison is a modest and honest man of letters, endowed with dignity: a very rare bird in this age.

In "The Little Man at Chehaw Station," the first essay in this collection, Ellison touches upon artistic standards and the invisible American critic, lurking behind the stove in the railway station, so to speak. That Little Man "serves as a metaphor for those individuals we sometimes meet whose refinement of sensibility is inadequately explained by family background, formal education, or social status. These individuals seem to have been sensitized by some obscure force that issues undetected from the chromatic scale of American social hierarchy. . . . In this, heredity doubtless plays an important role, but whatever that role may be, it would appear that culturally and environmentally, such individuals are products of errant but sympathetic vibrations set up by the tension between America's social mobility, its



Russell Kirk is author of Eliot and His Age *(Sherwood Sugden) and was the 1984 recipient of The Richard M. Weaver Award for Scholarly Letters.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

universal education, and its relative freedom of cultural information."

Here Mr. Ellison is not referring to himself, but those sentences might readily be applied to him. As a boy, he came from a Negro neighborhood in Oklahoma to study music at Tuskegee Institute, and there picked up a copy of *The Waste Land*—Eliot's notes thereto led him to other books; and so, by chance or providence, he became in time a man of letters. The influence of T.S. Eliot may be discerned in him still.

As I wrote of Ellison 17 years ago, "Mr. Ellison has vision, and he can write, and very early he fought free of ideology. He does not fall into the delusion, even in its inverted sense of 'belligerent negritude,' that there is something *wrong* about being colored or being poor. . . . He does not mean to whitewash the colored man, or to convert all the poor into dully affluent suburbanites. He is endowed with the tragic sense of life."

Ellison is thoroughly American, and content to be. In *Going to the Territory*, as in his earlier volume of essays, there occur only glancing references to any British or European authors, except so far as Eliot and Henry James may be considered quasi-British. (Eliot, who classified himself as an American writer even after he became a British subject, remarked that the worst form of expatriation for an American writer was residence in New York City—as indeed the naive boy of *Invisible Man* discovers.) Nor does he mention anyone who wrote before the 19th century. He grew famous by writing about what he knew best: the experiences of a well-intentioned young Negro seeking to survive in the antagonist world. In part because of editors' and colleges' requests, doubtless, most of his speeches and essays have been related to questions of the Negro in the United States.

But no one ought to fancy that his talents are confined to writing about racial problems and Negroes' successes and difficulties. Two of the essays in this volume, "Society, Morality, and the Novel" and "The Novel as a Function of American Democracy," scarcely mention anything about color or subculture; and they are able, forthright successes in criticism, independent and persuasive. In the one he drubs Lionel Trilling; in the other he affirms the moral function and duty of the novelist.

"The state of our novel is not so healthy at the moment," Ellison writes as he concludes "The Novel as a Function of American Democracy." "Instead of aspiring to project a vision of the complexity, the diversity of the total experience, the novelist loses faith and falls back upon something which is called 'black comedy,' which is neither black nor comic. It is a cry of despair. Talent and technique are there; artistic competence is there; but a certain necessary faith in human possibility before the next unknown is not there. I speak from my own sense of the dilemma, and my own sense of what people who work in my form owe to those who would read us, and read us seriously, and who are willing to pay us the respect of lending their imaginations to ours."

It will be gathered that Ralph Ellison is a writer possessed of moral imagination who knows, with Irving Babbitt and T.S. Eliot, that the end of great literature is ethical. In the literature of what Eliot called the diabolical imagination, he will not traffic. Americans, more than any other people, need novels to "produce imaginative models of the total society," he argues. "If there had been more novelists with the courage of Mark Twain or James or Hemingway, we would not be in the moral confusion in which we find ourselves today. If we do not know good from bad, cowardice from heroism, the marvelous from the mundane and the banal, then we don't know *who* we are. It is a terrible thing to sit in a room with a typewriter and dream, and to tell the truth by telling effective lies; but this seems to be what many novelists opt for."

Amen to that. Once upon a time Mr. Ellison and this reviewer shared a television broadcast, arranged by Harvard people, about the state of education in America; our views were not dissimilar.

Months later, a Harvard quarterly journal prepared to publish our remarks. There was sent to me, together with proofs, an editorial note meant to be preface to the discussion, beginning with these words:

"Ralph Ellison and Russell Amos Kirk, two of America's leading black writers . . . "

I sent back a note thanking the editors for the compliment but confessing that I possessed no claim to such a distinction, unless some quantity of Redskin blood in my wife's veins would qualify me. What Mr. Ellison and I happen to share in the American melting pot (a vessel approved by Ralph Ellison) is not the accident of color, but certain convictions about humane letters.

***"I would not want to live in a world that did not include* This World."**
– Ralph McInerny

Authoritative contributors . . . intelligent discourse . . . wideranging subject matter . . . lucid, readable prose . . . outspoken and often controversial . . . all yours in *This World: A Journal of Religion and Public Life!**

*New from The Rockford Institute.

Send for the next issue of* This World – *today!

Mail this coupon and your check to:
This World, 934 N. Main St., Rockford, IL 61103

☐ YES, please open my subscription to **This World,** starting with the next issue. Enclosed is $20 for 4 quarterly issues.

☐ I would like to read **This World** before subscribing. Enclosed is $5.50: rush me your current issue.

Name

Address

City State Zip

Outside of the 50 states and Puerto Rico, add $6 per subscription. U.S. funds only. TWLI

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Third World Revisited *by Ewa M. Thompson*

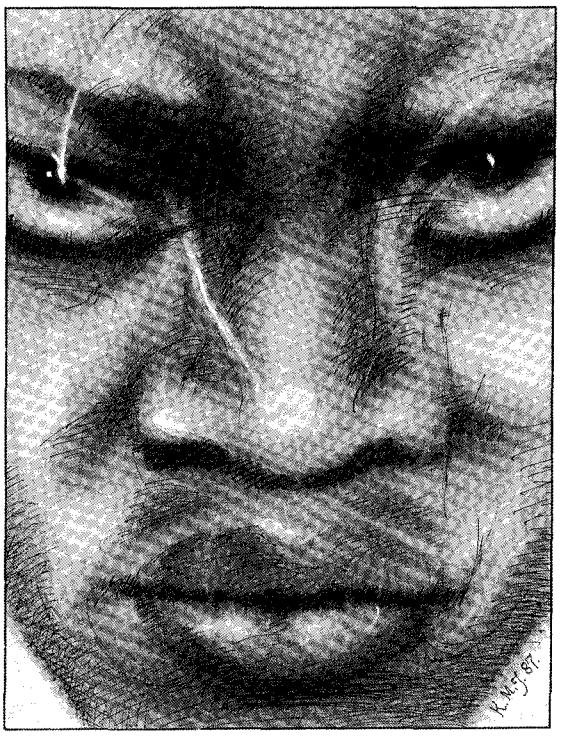
"Sixty thousand blacks are annually embarked from the coast of Guinea, never to return to their native country; but they are embarked in chains; and this constant emigration which in the space of two centuries might have furnished armies to overrun the globe, accuses the guilt of Europe and the weakness of Africa."

—Edward Gibbon

The Tears of the White Man: Compassion as Contempt **by Pascal Bruckner; translated with an introduction by William R. Beer, New York and London: The Free Press.**

Dispensations: The Future of South Africa as South Africans See It **by Richard John Neuhaus, Grand Rapids, MI: Eerdmans.**

Among the few writers who can counter accusations of white man's imperialism without empathizing with the spirit of Cecil Rhodes is the French novelist and journalist Pascal Bruckner. He has identified faulty arguments about the Third World and presented them in a visionary and iconoclastic essay.



In the American context, Bruckner could not be called either conservative or liberal. He chastises all of us for readily accepting the terms of the discourse handed down to us by those wielding much power and little authority. In the European context, he shows once again that when the chips are down, we can depend on the French tradition of clarity and common sense to counter the monstrosities of thought and imagination begotten in the Dark Ages of Teutonic Romanticism. It is not accidental that, as Terry Eagleton recently admitted in *Diacritics*, France is now the center of anti-Marxist reaction and not England, Germany, or, in spite of its tremendous resources of manpower, the United States.

Bruckner sets out to dismantle a term whose roots are Marxist, Romantic, and (in a perverse sort of way) Christian: the Third World. By implication, the notions of the First and Second Worlds are also questioned. He cuts across evidence in ways which place his work somewhere on the border between academic scholarship and journalism, in an area where many influential books have been born. In *Dispensations*, a panoramic series of interviews with prominent South Africans, Richard Neuhaus provides case material for Bruckner's arguments.

Bruckner identifies several ways of falsifying issues while tacitly assuming that the First World-Third World distinction makes sense. One consists in declaring readiness to be guided by the nonwhite man. In South Africa, the former Dutch-reformed cleric Beyers Naude is now such a self-declared penitent who advocates "deliberate subordination, our readiness to be re-educated; we have to learn to be learners under black people." For Bruckner, this equals perpetuating the old imperial idea in reverse. While colonialism set up the teacher and pupil relationship as absolute, third-worldism reverses this relationship but retains its component of uncritical submission.

Another way to falsify issues is to worship the nonwhite cultures as perfect while reserving abuse for our own. They are supposed to be "natural," i.e., developed without attempts at manipulation of human relationships for sinister purposes. At the same time, they are declared to be so different from our own culture that they cannot be judged by our criteria of what makes a good life: Liberty is not what people "over there" really need and want; a single killing by a white imperialist is more important and odious than the killings of thousands by black African tyrants. Neither does corruption of monumental proportions, of which Neuhaus cites several examples among the South African blacks, evoke moral condemnation. While worshiping at the altar of naturalness, the white man denies that liberty is indivisible and that human life has the same value everywhere.

Declarations that nonwhite cultures are spontaneous and perfect, while cultures originating in Europe are corrupt, carry another falsification, says Bruckner. They infantilize the nonwhite man by denying him his share of human frailty as well as his right to make mistakes and take blame for them. Here contempt masquerades as respect. This, again, is an inverted imperialistic impulse: ignoring the fact that nonwhites too are capable of barbarism and inhumanity; that injustice was not born in feudal estates or in modern cities.

This infantilizing attitude exerts a destructive influence on individuals in poor countries. They are encouraged to think of themselves as victims of Western imperialism and wait for the rich and guilty West to bail them out. They are urged to take dependence for granted: a continuation of the old im-

Ewa M. Thompson is professor of German and Russian at Rice University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

perial attitude. When help is not forthcoming, or when it does come but disappears in the sea of corruption, a new share of blame is put on the West. As a result, a welfare mentality develops in the nonwhite world: the West will provide. These things have already been made in the West; the trick is to get them from "them." "They" owe it to us.

While admiring the social structures of Third World societies, we readily extend sympathy toward their starving members. Bruckner calls this the "celluloid pity" syndrome. It arises at the dinner table over television news when we are confronted with dying children in a remote part of the globe. Tears are shed, and we absolve ourselves of any specific responsibility while at the same time assuming the burden of guilt on an abstract level. The Dostoevskian attitude that "we are all responsible" leads to a paralysis of initiatives to help individuals. We are encouraged to deal with the question of hunger in the world as if it were solvable by "changing the system imposed by the West" into a utopia conceived by Western intellectuals. In this utopian world, the poor will no longer be with us. By confusing individual morality with technical economic questions, we falsify our choices. The conceptual apparatus of the ANC strategist Mfanafuthi Makatini (whom Neuhaus interviewed) is an example of total surrender to Western utopias on the one hand and hatred of the West on another.

Related to such attitudes is contempt for the ruling elites of underdeveloped countries. They are viewed as the westernized Uncle Toms whom the revolution must destroy. The good guys are the voiceless masses, brutalized by poverty yet somehow pure and in no need of repentance. One is reminded here of 19th-century Russian ideologues who also despised "westernizing" Russians as sellouts to the West and admired the Russian peasant as the repository of virtue. When millions of Russian peasants began to engage in the destruction of millions of other Russian peasants, these Russophile ideologues emigrated to the West.

Are there any solutions? Bruckner urges us to improvise and to travel because "imperfect communication is better than a hostile silence." Neuhaus' *Dispensations* is an example of enlightened travel. His editorializing is sparse, in pleasant contrast to the heavy-handed rhetoric of many recent statements on South Africa by politicians and journalists. Neuhaus records a range of South African opinions and is wise enough not to offer instant solutions. At the same time he is not unsympathetic either with the "hidden agenda" of the ruling Nationalist Party or with the growing conviction among whites that the future of South Africa will and should be influenced by economic realities. As blacks urbanize, enter the economic mainstream, and become more productive, they will also be in a position to demand and gain political power. Neuhaus suggests that this agenda is hidden only from the willfully blind.

A much overlooked fact about South African politics is that from Beyers Naude leftward, all radical opposition depends on overseas funding. Such has been the case with Naude's Christian Institute, with the largely black South African Council of Churches, and the African National Congress. In contrast, the independent black churches which have an aversion to politics are not beneficiaries of foreign largess.

Another relevant fact is the Afrikaner's sense of national identity. Nationalism has become a dirty word, a substitute for racism and intolerance. Secure in their unchallenged nationalisms, Western men have long lost the sensibility which registers threats to one's group identity. We like to emphasize that individual rights come first and nationality second. But we are not in danger of foreign occupation or of bans on our language. Such dangers are forever present to members of small nations, the Afrikaners among them, and not because they "missed the Enlightenment," as Neuhaus somewhat patronizingly suggests. The white man's sense of national identity is a fact of life, and while it may be an unfortunate by-product of Europe's many centuries of development, it is not in itself evil or backward. The Afrikaners know that a civil war would inevitably be financed from abroad and thus would be a war against an external enemy.

This brings us to the underlying cause of the crisis in South Africa. Neuhaus' left-wing interlocutors, along with public opinion in the United States, have agreed that the key is "the cancer of apartheid": a variation on what Bruckner describes as the bash-the-white-man syndrome. Even William F. Buckley Jr. is so put off by the iniquities of apartheid that he recently declared that were he a black South African he would join the terrorist ANC. Since apartheid is so bad, since it is the root cause of the peril to their lives and property, one can only wonder why the Afrikaners are not able to grasp the fact and make the appropriate changes while there is still time.

Various explanations of Afrikaner behavior have been advanced. Most boil down to the premise that the entire economy of South Africa is based on cheap black labor. There is also the complementary notion of Afrikaner racism, which enables Afrikaner consciences to be untroubled by the reality that their comfortable existence can be maintained only by the essential enslavement of 70 percent of the population of South Africa. Comparisons are made between the Nationalists of South Africa and the National Socialists of Germany in the Hitler era.

How do the widely agreed upon assumptions above square with the facts? First, as to the incipient Nazism of the Afrikaners, it should be noted that South Africa was the only Western country which accepted unlimited Jewish immigration in the 1930's, no questions asked, and it has remained one of the most philo-Semitic countries in the world. Any claims of the founding of the Nationalist Party based on neo-Nazi principles are simply ludicrous.

As to some moral flaw in the mentality of the white South African which enables him to profit from black anguish without batting an eye, the facts speak strongly against it. The Afrikaners are among the most devout Christians anywhere. The Afrikaner Christians might disagree with some of the "main-line" Protestant groups in the United States on homosexual marriages, etc., but their compassion for other human beings, black or white, is as real as that of believers anywhere.

Let us consider the notion that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

South Africa has an economy based upon cheap black labor. In fact, the industry of South Africa is highly automated and is becoming more so at a rapid pace. If black South Africans went on a general strike, the economy could and would carry on: The wound would not be fatal. A mortal wound to the economic vitality of South Africa would be the loss of the white high-tech workers because of fear-induced flight from the country.

One unpleasant domestic factor must be recognized even though Neuhaus' interlocutors seldom speak of it: Most black South Africans do not have the skills or habits to make highly productive contributions to the economy. I have yet to meet an Afrikaner who did not take it for granted that a black would one day be the chief of state of the Republic of South Africa. The issues in the minds of the whites are whether this will occur before or after blacks have the educational level which will qualify them for that status, and how to finance the astronomical bills for education.

The Botha government seems to understand that economics should not be viewed as a zero-sum game but as a process whereby high technology increases the quality of life for everyone. They seem to understand, if bishops and other divines do not, that the primary function of a government is to provide the freedom and the logistical support necessary for the creation, rather than the distribution, of wealth. South Africa is increasing opportunities for its black citizens by leaps and bounds, in comparison with other countries in Africa and elsewhere. If the Marxists and their surrogates do not work quickly, blacks in South Africa will soon have progressed economically to a level where internal revolution will be improbable.

This brings us to a problem which is central to the South African crisis and which seems to be a nonproblem to most of those to whom Richard Neuhaus has spoken. It is the fact that South Africa occupies a strategic geographic position and that it has the only large supplies of many strategic metals outside the Marxist world. These two factors make it essential that those who wish the West ill see to it that all possible pressure be brought to bear on the Republic of South Africa to insure its overthrow while there is still a chance for a Marxist takeover there. Agitprop is doing an effective job of setting the stage for the overthrow. America is now essentially convinced that the problems of the Afrikaners are of their own making, that one man/one vote would bring about democracy and peace. Few people in America ask the question, "How is it that I have the wisdom to see the solution to a problem which those, who otherwise think very much like me and who have had a lifetime of experience with the problem, cannot comprehend?" This question is so obvious that the fact we do not ask it shows that we have, in Hegelian fashion, "risen above our common sense and grasped a higher reality." It is the ability of the Soviets, their friends and dupes, to make us suspend our reason and adopt their terms of discourse which bids so ill for South Africa and for us all. In 1971 Leonid Brezhnev said with uncharacteristic candor that two areas are critical to the victory of Moscow-style socialism in the world: the Middle East and Southern Africa. With a few exceptions, the intellectuals whom Neuhaus has interviewed live in a world without wolves roaming in the night.

Boomtown Philosophers

by Stephen L. Tanner

***Latin American Philosophy in the Twentieth Century*, edited by Jorge J.E. Gracia, Buffalo: Prometheus Books.**

Why is it that America has noticed the "Boom" in Latin American fiction but has ignored Latin American philosophy? One obvious reason lies in the unavailability of translated texts. While novelists have energetically and strategically combined efforts to publish translations of their works in the United States, nothing of the sort has happened in Latin American philosophy. This anthology, part of a Frontiers of Philosophy series, is the first to appear in English in more than 30 years.

The task was challenging. Material that might have been included is abundant, diverse, uneven in quality, and often scattered in periodicals difficult to locate. The editor has selected from the writings of 14 thinkers from five countries. To achieve a certain unity, he has focused on three fundamental topics of particular concern to Latin American philosophers: man, values, and the search for philosophical identity. The selections for the first two parts were made in collaboration with Risieri Frondizi, one of the writers represented in the book.

The major trends in contemporary Latin American philosophy emerged in reaction to positivism. The philosophy of Auguste Comte had been welcomed in Latin America as a corrective to the prevailing scholasticism. It seemed to offer empirical rigor and an assurance of progress in place of archaic dogmatism and fruitless theorizing. In Mexico, Comte's slogan, "Order and Progress," guided the 27-year dictatorship of Porfirio Diaz, and in Brazil, the phrase was incorporated into the national flag as well as into the attitude of political leaders.

But positivism failed to deliver on its promises, and its determinism generated dissatisfaction with diminished freedom in the moral, aesthetic, and political realms. The selections in the "Man" and "Values" sections of this book display a preoccupation with ontological and metaphysical questions. Many of these philosophers were trained in the humanities and are much concerned with social and political issues—the themes of freedom, personalism, and human spirit appear repeatedly.

The most pervasive and characteristic concern of Latin American philosophy over the past hundred years has been the search for philosophical identity. Is there, can there be, or should there be a distinctively Latin American philosophy? Part three of this anthology provides sample answers and concludes with Arturo Andres Roig's arguments for a "philosophy of liberation." Rejecting the classic conception of philosophy as contemplative and disinterested knowledge, Roig looks to Marxism and Freudianism to provide a basis for the social function of knowledge. Philosophy, he insists, should acquire substance by involving itself in the historical process: "The 'theory of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

freedom' that fills the discourse of our 'founders' [the philosophers represented in part one of this book] must, no doubt, be replaced by the 'theory of liberation' that should have as its fundamental task the elaboration of new integrating categories beginning with a redemption of the historical sense of man."

The anthology thus moves in its considerations from the inner life of the person to the external concerns of collectivism, from universal concerns with human freedom to political liberation in the particular context of Latin America, from philosophy as metaphysical questioning to philosophy as political ideology. It is a pattern characteristic of contemporary Latin American experience in general and one that the United States must soberly reflect upon.

Stephen L. Tanner is professor of English at Brigham Young University.

Poem

by P. J. Kavanagh

'And must I sing? What subject shall I choose?'

—Ben Jonson

Perhaps as easy to try a poem
As to do nothing, in a morning
Already dispersed by radio 'News at One'
(An attempt to keep in touch—with something.)
Pessoa discovered another self, Caeiro,
Who didn't bother with rhyming: 'Seldom
Are two trees equal, side by side.'

To write a poem . . . what for? For fame?
A laugh! A granny with a baby on her arm
(One old photograph, lying about at random).
In another, your girlhood's pensive chin,
Angled nostril, clay-stuffed now. A landslide!

For sticking up a muddied head through time.
Never, dear God, from boredom!

Sense and Sensibility

by John Skonnord

***Bathsheba on the Third Day* by Jane Greer, Omaha, NE: The Cummington Press.**

It is a rare American poem, this late in the 20th century, that dares to be understood. Jane Greer's slim volume, *Bathsheba on the Third Day*, is full of such poems, which give this first book a mature heft and solidity.

The maturity should not be surprising. Jane Greer is the founding editor of *Plains Poetry Journal*, and her own poetry reflects the high standards she has set for her nationally recognized journal. What marks Jane Greer's writing is its sureness in handling poetic traditions for her own purposes and effects—themselves highly personal and original.

The strength of individual poems in this collection is matched by their organization into a book with the old virtues of a beginning, middle, and end. The unifying topic is love, as the allusion in the title poem suggests. But this most traditional of subjects —Robert Graves called it the only subject of true poetry—is also the most difficult to handle successfully, that is to say, with economy and effect. The title poem is a good example of the novelty of approaches Greer uses to handle the oldest of themes:

> Hot, hot, hot
> is all those spooky crows
> can think to say. We ought
> to have some people over,
> take in a funny show,
> redecorate this tent.
> Aren't you listening, lover?
> We'll just have to invent
> our own fun, take a course
> maybe, in the fall, and
> then . . .
> Oh, please, babe, not *again*!
> We never *talk* any more.

The contemporary and satiric tone is one of the many registers found in the book. Here the banality of desire and modern "concerns" undercut one of the oldest and most powerful stories of sexual temptation, sin, and death resident in Western culture. The poem achieves its effect by ignoring the moral burden of the biblical *locus*, and dares the reader to ignore it, by giving a voice to the naked body seen that spring afternoon by King David.

Allusion is one of the most traditional of poetic tools, to be used lightly; and, consequently, a very different kind of allusion is present in "Pastoral":

> There is a primly tended park
> where, in the noon sun,
> shadows quiver;
> there is a muddy blood-warm
> river
> murmuring lies from dark to
> dark;
> and, in between, a snarl of
> grass
> the mowing man, in the heat,
> forgot.
> Knee-deep, waist-deep,
> steaming in hot
> sun, it lets no lovers pass.
>
> Young men and women shed
> their clothes
> without relief among the trees:
> Ardor is dampened by degrees.
> But in the long grass
> something grows
> importunate of appetite
> and roots its deepest self in
> mire,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

waiting for those whose fresh
desire
will fell them, fell them,
come the night.

The use of allusion lies in its title, the pastoral form being one of the oldest classical poetic traditions. Unlike the specific, contemporary diction in "Bathsheba on the Third Day," the language in "Pastoral" is consistently generalized and timeless, as is its setting. The "park," the "noon sun," the "grass," the "mowing man," the "young men and women"—the images and language of the poem evoke a universal world in which all the details take on mythic and parabolic weight. Part of that weight comes from the pastoral tradition, where love exists idealized, and "universal," side by side with death. The pastoral is, in other words, a "fallen" world.

More impressive even than the traditional craft of the poem is the raw fact of it having been imagined. Comparisons with certain English poets of the past come to mind, but the poem does not need them—it exists, in its perfection.

The range between "Pastoral" and "Bathsheba" shows something of the variety of the book. The poems in this section deal with love carried to fulfillment, even satiation, with either tragic or banal conclusions. Another exceptional poem in this section is "Rodin's 'Gates of Hell,'" too long to quote here, inspired by Rodin's sculpture based on Dante's *Inferno*. Poems alluding to or adducing works of visual art are as common as they are difficult to bring off: This one is spectacularly successful.

Confident, vigorous, various, *Bathsheba on the Third Day* is a book that offers surprises and pleasures on every page. Strong as individual poems are, they gain by their organization into a book which, when the last page is turned, leaves the reader looking for more.

In an era of desk-top publishing and laser printers, Jane Greer's book is a rare reading event in another sense. *Bathsheba on the Third Day* was chosen to be published by The Cummington Press of Harry Duncan, who himself set up the book in type. His printing skill, along with the high quality of the paper and binding, make the book a tactile pleasure best appreciated in strong, "raking" daylight. A fine intaglio print by Priscilla Steele serves as frontispiece, signed and numbered by the artist.

Bathsheba on the Third Day is a book not just for readers of "poetry." Anyone bemused or bored by what passes for modern poetry should make a point to read this first book of Jane Greer's, and hope there are more to come.

John Skonnord writes from St. Paul, Minnesota.

Stargazers

by John L. Romjue

***Star Wars: Suicide or Survival?* by Alun Chalfont, Boston and New York: Little, Brown and Co.; $16.95.**

The political left's deconstruction of "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star" into an ICBM closing on a child's bedroom window is only the most memorable of the assaults on the Strategic Defense Initiative since it was announced by President Ronald Reagan on March 23, 1983. But the ever-shifting tactics also point up the failure of an anti-SDI strategy to emerge. As Dr. Robert Jastrow, founder of the Goddard Institute for Space Studies, stated recently, it may be that the debate about SDI feasibility is over—the wrangling now being about which systems will work best. Like the nuclear genie 40 years ago, the new defensive weapons that intercept and kill nuclear missiles at the speed of light are out of the bottle and with us for the duration. Can the nuclear era ever be the same again?

Lasers beamed from satellites or satellite mirrors, for example, could burn through the metal skin of targeted missiles in "zero time." At one-third the speed of light, particle beams could disrupt missile guidance systems. Other SDI options include pellet clouds placed in missile flight paths, chemical lasers, electric rail guns, and submarine pop-up missiles carrying laser weapons into space. Such weapons may seem "Star War" toys to a freshman congressman or a scribe of a Bishops' Pastoral. But a rapid advance of information technology—computerized systems for surveillance, sensing, target acquisition and discrimination, tracking, and battle management—has moved the SDI far along in a short time. Exaggerated early claims by the Union of Concerned Scientists and the Office of Technology Assessment about the impossible SDI quantitative requirements have since been withdrawn by those organizations. In fact, Dr. Jastrow estimates that as few as 45-90 low-tonnage satellites would constitute an adjustable system that the Soviets could never saturate by multiplying their missiles.

Critics most often attack SDI on the point that the "leakage" even of a few enemy warheads nullifies the concept. But as Alun Chalfont's well-argued volume points out, SDI was never an attempt to create a leakproof umbrella. The aim of SDI's is not to "win" but to maximize deterrence by destroying enough Soviet missiles so that their first strike would not elminate the United States' major retaliatory weapon—its land-based ICBM's. This would effectively render impotent any Soviet nuclear blackmail based on a first-strike capability.

Soviet reactions confirm that the SDI will work. Chairman Gorbachev's all-or-nothing focus on SDI at Reykjavik in October 1986 should have removed any doubts about which American strategic program the Soviets fear most and would like to kill. But for long years leading up to Reykjavik, the Soviet Union has made significant advances towards its own SDI. It has the world's only operating antiballistic missile complex, ringing Moscow, with mobile missile sites added in violation of the 1972 ABM Treaty. In September 1986, U.S. intelligence revealed a gigantic laser weapon facility at Dushanbe near the Afghanistan border. In 1987, the probable control center of a Soviet nationwide ABM defensive system, a large phased-array radar facility built at Krasnoyarsk deep in Siberia, will go on line, in violation of the 1972 treaty. The Soviet Union has an operational orbiting antisatellite system, to which an operative space-based antisatellite laser system may be added before 1990. In strategic defense, the classic Soviet dual maneuver is apparent: diplomatic and propaganda actions to slow down and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

paralyze the U.S. while accelerating the development of their own system behind a screen of deceptions and treaty violations.

While the SDI has won its case intellectually and enjoys support in polls, the Soviet strategic defense initiative is not generally known to the majority of Americans dependent for all they know on the anchormen. Those tycoons of the cutting room prefer to award prime time to Sandinista evangelists or Soviet Americanists coached to resemble smiling Ohio politicians, or worse still, to the Sagan-Caldicotts whose formidable arguments include the moral equivalence of Moscow and Washington.

For the "peace" and protest movements whose principal message is the horror of war, Chalfont argues that at least a cautious welcome was to be expected, to a strategy whose leading idea is to defend, not merely avenge, a free society. Lord Chalfont's comprehensive and concise book is an SDI primer on the nuclear dilemma and the present suicide pact of MAD, as well as the political and the strategic dimension, the technology and feasibility of a strategic defense, the Soviets' own SDI program, the Initiative in the context of arms control, and the larger implications of a new strategic concept for the United States, NATO, and the world. Written by a leading European spokesman in defense and international affairs, Chalfont's book is an eminently commonsensical contribution to the health of the West.

John L. Romjue is a historian with the U.S. Army.

The World According to St. Mugg

by Paul Stallsworth

***Vintage Muggeridge—Religion and Society*, edited by Geoffrey Barlow, Grand Rapids, MI: Wm. B. Eerdmans Publishing Company; $7.95.**

If we are to believe today's pundits —an awfully big "if"—there are many global crises threatening the 20th century. Nuclear weapons and overpopulation currently top the list. Unfortunately, it sometimes seems that there are only two available responses. The first is the "liberal" response, which assumes that mankind already possesses the tools and skills to repair the world: If only people of good intentions will try harder to do the right things, they can fix everything.

The other popular response to the crises of the hour is the "conservative" response—an eat-drink-and-be-merry attitude toward that which is perceived to threaten mankind. This response represents the party of resignation.

The book under review reminds its readers that there is a third way to address the most pressing problems of human societies. The third way is not a moderate compromise between the liberal and the conservative answers. Rather, this third way transcends both. Its perspective goes beyond the easy optimism of much of today's liberalism and the easy cynicism of some conservatism. It is shaped primarily by what might be called eternity.

Vintage Muggeridge—10 essays, addresses, and sermons by Malcolm Muggeridge and the transcripts of three interviews with him by William F. Buckley Jr.—pictures more than did Saint Augustine receiving the news of the fall of Rome. And Augustine's response? He turned his thought toward the City of God—toward eternity. Likewise, Muggeridge sees himself in the midst of a contemporary cultural collapse turning his gaze toward eternity.

Muggeridge's anticipation does not mean that he has no use or time for this world. To the contrary, his concern with eternity results in deepened insight into the affairs of this world. His perceptions are based on two simple claims: First, Muggeridge believes "that God is responsible for Creation, and God is a God of love, not of hate; God is all the qualities that we want to see in the world, and nothing can be settled except in relation to that." And second, he believes that "man can make an inconceivable mess of anything."

By assuming grand divine possibilities and grand human limitations, Muggeridge is able to see the irony and stupidity of much human action. Those who strive for a collective good without God set out "seeking happiness, [but] fall into despair, seeking knowledge, into obscurantism and credulity, seeking freedom, into total servitude, and seeking security, into total vulnerability." Those who strive for personal happiness also fail miserably. "'To sleep with that girl will make me happy. To have this money and to be able to do this, that, and the other thing, will make me happy. To be able to be eloquent and applauded will make me happy.' None of these things make us happy. They are wretched things." Like Pascal and Reinhold Niebuhr, Muggeridge contends that it is the human condition to be tempted by pride to become like gods and to be tempted by sensuality to become like animals.

But also, the human condition lives under the promise of divine possibilities. These possibilities were opened up to all of mankind in the Incarnation, and they will reach fulfillment in the coming Kingdom of God. Before the Kingdom comes, all is not lost, for "there is this extraordinary happiness, and the happiness lies in being aware that, as a human being created by God, one is fulfilling God's purpose."

Muggeridge's themes are heavy, but he conveys them lightly, directly, and with a wonderful sense of humor. To 1960's Edinburgh students he preached that "whatever life is or is not about, it is not to be expressed in terms of drug stupefaction and casual sexual relations. However else we may venture into the unknown it is not I assure you on the plastic wings of *Playboy* magazine or psychedelic fancies." His description of the standard guests on a BBC television talk show is as funny as it is accurate: You have the sociologist; you have the "life-purist usually with a moustache"; you have a "knock-about clergyman of no particular denomination." His irreverence is unmatchable: "Half a century in the communications business has served to intensify my skepticism about procedures which purport to measure statistically individual and social attitudes, and I have long considered that the Romans were more sensible in using the entrails of a chicken rather than a slide-rule to forecast the future."

It might be objected that Malcolm Muggeridge is just a cranky old man who has not progressed with the times.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Well, the point is that he has progressed. In his lifetime he has progressed through many of the happy illusions and bitter disillusions of our era into a primary concern for eternity. But his commitment to eternity, his "dynamic orthodoxy" (as John Cardinal O'Connor puts it), encourages him to turn around and see through the little deceits and big lies of those who understand the world without God. Muggeridge is indeed cranky with them on occasion. But more central to the mission of "St. Mugg" is persuasion. For Malcolm Muggeridge is a tireless and hopeful reminder of eternity in a time that is coming apart.

Paul Stallsworth is assistant director of The Rockford Institute Center on Religion & Society.

Government Of, By, and Against the Public

by Tommy W. Rogers

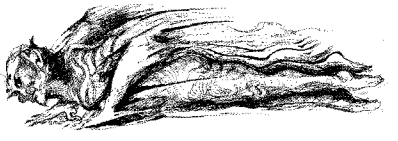
The Burden of Government **by Edwin Mills, Stanford, CA: Hoover Institution; $23.95.**

Although it is widely believed that persons who oppose big government are sympathetic to large businesses and have no compassion for the little guy, no such logical connection exists. Democratic governments, as the author points out, respond to the interests of large, well-organized, and well-financed groups. Big business learned to induce governments "to further their interests at the sacrifice of average living standards . . . before almost any other interests had organized and learned to play the political game." Similarly, many regulatory programs exist largely for the benefit of well-organized and well-financed industries, occupational groups, and workers. One significant intended side effect of many occupational and industrial regulatory programs is to fence out low-income and minority businesses and workers.

Mills, who is professor of economics at Princeton, feels that elimination of regulatory programs would improve economic opportunities of low-income and minority businesses and workers. The goal of such reforms, Mills asserts, should be to increase the competitiveness and flexibility of the economy by exposing entrenched interests to competition. He contends that temporarily strong market positions, as reward for valuable innovations, are also self-liquidating—the stronger the market position, the greater the incentive for competitors to supplant it. Only with the help of government coercion can market power be preserved more than the few years it takes for competition to bid it away.

The author advocates thorough reform of government transfer programs which, at the federal level, should be reduced 50 percent in transportation, agriculture, health, housing, energy, and education. Large segments of the Departments of Agriculture, Commerce, Interior, and Labor are shown as tax-financed lobbyists whose function it is to promote joint interests of government employees and private interest groups. Hundreds of state, federal, and local government spending and regulatory programs have payoffs to identifiable constituencies that make the economy neither more efficient nor equitable.

Mills asserts that, from the point of view of welfare economics, it is difficult to disprove that elementary and secondary education should be based on a voucher system. Most expendi-



tures in agriculture are said to be disguised transfers that reduce social efficiency and are devoid of equity. Virtually all housing and energy programs should be abolished and the Departments of Energy and Education eliminated.

Such developments will not happen for reasons that David Stockman discovered and set out in *The Triumph of Politics: Why the Reagan Revolution Failed*. Politicians, Presidents, voters, including the most ardently conservative politicos as well as the typical go-alongs, do not want it. Mills thinks that even a complete understanding of the harm done by excessive government will not make people change their political behavior. Therefore, a different set of rules by which democracies transform citizens' interests into government actions is needed. Such rules should restrain private interest groups and government organizations from enlarging government at the expense of the taxpayer, even if it means displeasing wealthy Midwestern landowners living off public bailouts.

Mills recommends a negative income tax, which would allegedly provide stronger incentive for self-help than do present transfer programs and prevent handouts to recipients living better than working taxpayers. Additionally, according to Mills, it would be simple and comprehensible (enough reason of itself to mobilize the legal and accounting professions against it) and would cost about half the present price of transfer programs.

Tommy W. Rogers, in exile from the academy, is an insignificant and minor drone in an insignificant government office somewhere in the South.

Beelzebub's Tales to His Son

The Contemporary Faces of Satan **and** ***The War on Christ in America*** **by Ratibor-Ray Jurjevich, Denver: Ichthys Books.**

A staunch anti-Communist, Prof. Jurjevich adds to his *magnus opus*, *Demonic Maladies in Western Culture: Freud, Marx, Skinner, and Other Ugly Pagans*, a further two volumes. "Bureaucrats are also Communist friends," writes Prof. Jurjevich, in an "America, a KGB Sanctuary." Yet, though "American enemies are subsidized with taxpayers' money," and the "US media are a Bolshevik Fifth Column," Jurjevich believes in "repairing the damage" by doing his best to help the "Americans duped by KGB disinformation." Justly paranoid (a refugee from Communist Yugoslavia), he cannot always control his passion, sometimes forgetting that preaching to the converted may be less productive than trying to reach the skeptics. (MS)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letter From the Heartland

by Jane Greer

Hawkeye Econ 101

"Directions for Iowa's Economic Growth" ought to be required reading for every local and state government body, to say nothing of the boys in Washington (the less said about *them*, the better).

Drafted by a University of Iowa research team under the direction of the Iowa Department of Economic Development and the Planning and Research Bureau, the 82-page document illustrates the best in Midwestern straight-thinking—and the 18-page executive summary is even better.

While Iowa is certainly not the first state to put out a document and call it a "strategic plan," this skinny little report is one of the few to deserve that name. And there's really nothing novel or sophisticated here: just common sense, plainly expressed and modestly packaged. It's never been fashionable for government at any level to look beyond the present, but foresightedness has become urgent, and Iowa, let us pray, will help to set a trend.

What's so astonishing about the report? Well, for one thing, it accepts nothing at face value. Take an old complaint of most states: that native graduates of state colleges find out-of-state jobs after graduation. All kinds of solutions have been tried over the years; tax credits, tuition reimbursement, and forgiven loans have all been used as bait to get kids to stay at home after graduation. The Iowa report reminds us that this doesn't increase total employment of college grads; it just swaps one set—in-state grads, about which nothing is sacred—for another. What we need is more high-level jobs to interest *college graduates, period*. It's elementary, but I can't remember the last time I saw it in writing.

Or take the old bromide of raising sales and income taxes whenever government needs more money. Does it work? No. It just drives the owners of mobile resources—those who are free to respond to better opportunities elsewhere—out of the state. The writers recommend raising property taxes instead. Property owners have the most to gain and lose from the economy, and so should contribute the most towards its success. Besides, they *can't* leave. It's tough, but it's correct.

Two years ago, my state made a long-term commitment to give gasahol a big sales-tax break. It was an effort to promote what promised to be a thriving in-state ethanol industry that would also use large amounts of damaged grain. Our highway system is financed by user fees, chief among them the gas tax, so this tax break means that two very wobbly ethanol plants take a huge bite out of the highway fund. The plants actually use only a drop of the grain produced in the state, and ethanol produced out-of-state but sold here gets the tax break, too. Other fledgling industries are asking, with justification, "Where's ours?" Construction and highway-user groups are opposed to a much-needed gas-tax increase because part of the money from the *current* gas

A·r·t·i·F·a·c·t·s

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tax is being diverted to the ethanol industry. And the new legislature voted, after long debate, to keep the tax break; after all, they'd *promised*.

If our legislators had had the Iowa report in front of them back then, they would have known that "direct and flexible methods of assistance, such as loans, grants, and principal and interest buydowns, are much to be preferred over tax concessions, which are blunt instruments." (Oh, this is pure poetry!) Tax concessions are hard to focus, adjust, and remove—even when they're no longer needed. And other businesses will expect similar treatment. The "likely consequences": "erosions of the tax system's ability to generate revenue and its public acceptability." I couldn't have said it better myself.

There's more, much more. How about a grassroots vindication of Charles Murray's *Losing Ground*: "The state should move cautiously in expanding assistance, because it is difficult to determine whether assistance generates benefits commensurate with its costs. . . . As a practical matter, assistance programs cannot be expanded to meet the 'demand' [read 'desire'] for assistance." Or this: "A business seeking state assistance should ordinarily be required to obtain most of its funding from private lenders" because it's a good indication of the business's viability. Or the suggestion that a state should engage in information and "marketing" programs only if (a) the state *does* have a good business climate and (b) segments of the business world don't know it. Or this: In spite of legislative turnover, the state must have a "formal and explicit" commitment to "tax system stability."

This is subversive stuff!

What's most amazing here, perhaps, is the unashamed defense and promotion of free enterprise by —forgive me—bureaucrats. They declare outright that they can't "control the geographic and industrial pattern of economic activity in Iowa; that is best determined by free market choices." They admit that "policies do not themselves create jobs," and that the ultimate success of the state's economy will be determined as it has always been: by private investments. The writers understand that their job is merely to encourage private investment.

This study was mandated by Iowa's Democratic legislature and, according to Lane Palmer, one of the directors, has bipartisan support in both houses, as well as the support of the state's Republican governor. Sometimes the world *does* make sense.

Jane Greer lived the first half of her life in Iowa.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Native Land: Sagas of the Indian Americas, by Jamake Highwater, Boston: Little, Brown and Company; $24.95. In flowing, occasionally "poetic" prose, Highwater, himself an Indian, examines the legacy of his people "in this ancient land newly named America."

Closed Borders: The Contemporary Assault on Freedom of Movement by Alan Dowty, New Haven, CT: Yale University Press; $20.00. A professor of political science at Notre Dame, Dowty pleads for "open borders that would allow individuals to emigrate or immigrate at will." Unfortunately, in his examination of "rights," the professor forgets that not only "individuals" would partake of "freedom of movement," so would the masses. Dowty might change his outlook if he had to face a crowd of Salvadoran *campesinos* camping out in his backyard.

The Selling of Fidel Castro: The Media and the Cuban Revolution, edited by William E. Ratliff, New Brunswick, NJ: Transaction Books; $19.95. A concise and clear look at the shame of the American media, in a typical episode.

Cuban Communism, edited by Irving Louis Horowitz, New Brunswick, NJ: Transaction Books; $19.95. Heavy, documented, unrelenting, this atlas of a disaster impassionately records the agony of a nation. Ninety miles away from the United States, a totalitarian dictatorship flourishes—invisible or disguised—because recognition would demand action. The U.S., once mindful of its back door, may wish the problem to go away, but it will not. Powerful diseases demand powerful medicines, which may either hurt or be barely palatable.

Images and Identities: The Puerto Rican in Two World Contexts, edited by Asela Rodriguez de Laguna, New Brunswick, NJ: Transaction Books. "At that time (1960's) we aligned ourselves politically with the Blacks, thereby defining ourselves as a people of color. . . . Programs such as Affirmative Action, bilingual education, and open enrollment in colleges and universities were implemented," writes Nicholasa Mohr of the trials and tribulations of Puerto Ricans, or "Nuyoricans," in their self-imposed exile. Unfortunately, ethnic pride in a "nation of nations" such as the USA, while useful for a particular ethnic group, is disruptive of the whole, as homegrown politicians in various immigrant countries of origin know so well (e.g., suppression of the Miskito Indians in Nicaragua, genocide of Hungarians in Romania, Bulgarian annihilation of Turks, Albanian extermination of Greeks, etc., etc.).

Spanish American Writing Since 1941: A Critical Survey by George R. McMurray, New York: Ungar; $19.50. An extremely useful reference text for anyone interested in the flourishing art of letters "south of the border."

Canaima by Romulo Gallegos, Norman, OK: The University of Oklahoma Press; $19.95. A veritable thesaurus of savagery, this novel by a major Venezuelan writer ponders on the meeting of man and jungle. "The whole land," writes Gallegos, "is sown with mirrors where you can see the most distant and confused things. The point is to look at them without disgust."

Letter From Albion

by Andrei Navrozov

How I Expanded My Mind

A few weeks ago I went to Munich to see a dentist. The meaning of that experience had not dawned on me in all its vastness until recently.

The very word "travel" is repugnant to me. I have never used it to describe my movements, since I always feel I am going somewhere for a reason (at times, admittedly, rather trivial). But to feel otherwise, in my system of values, would be indecent.

Yet all around me people travel. One spends a truly unforgettable Venetian holiday in the worldly atmosphere of the Excelsior and the cozy intimacy of the Des Bains. Another chooses Porto Cervo, the heart of Costa Smeralda, staying, perhaps, at the Cala di Volpe. At any rate, the travel brochures they receive in the mail suggest that they might.

At last, it seemed, I had the opportunity of finding out more about the nature of such shameless indulgence. The ostensible reason for the journey made for the flimsiest of pretexts, yet it sufficed to quiet the first pangs of my

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

troubled ethic. Yes, now I too would travel.

My fiancée decided to come along, and so it was only reasonable to try and expand the trip beyond its original scope. We would travel—yes, travel—to Switzerland and stay for a few days with some friends in Lucerne.

We missed the plane to Munich, of course. I say "of course" because this is the sort of thing that always happens to people who travel. I have never been late for a business appointment in my life, and I always arrive at the airport, the train station, or even the restaurant hours earlier than necessary. This time, however, I was not in my element, and we ended up flying to Frankfurt instead of Munich. Indeed, from the travel brochure's point of view, why should one be better than the other? I was beginning to understand the arbitrary nature of pleasure.

Missing the dentist's appointment was a little irritating, but idle lives are made of such petty irritations. I remembered the time when, as a child, I heard an American lady telling my father and the other guests assembled at our house in the Moscow countryside how she had lost her raincoat while changing airlines. It was a long and complicated story, punctuated by the names of distant, fabulous cities like Munich and Lucerne. We tried to sidetrack her, since we knew we would gladly lose all we had to experience one of her misfortunes, but she pressed on towards the tragic *dénouement*. The insurance would not cover it.

We rescheduled the appointment by telephone from Frankfurt and boarded the 13:45 to Zurich, via Mannheim and Basel. "Unfortunately," said the clerk, "you will have to get off in Mannheim." It was in Mannheim that Mozart fell in love for the first time, with Constanze's sister. Perhaps the clerk wanted to shield us from young Wolfgang's torment? Doubtful.

Let me repeat. We rescheduled the appointment by telephone from Frankfurt and boarded the 13:45 to Zurich. Even as I write this, I shudder. Who am I, for God's sake, to dial Munich from Frankfurt? To say "I am sorry, but I am in Frankfurt instead of Munich"? To change British pounds for German marks, and German marks for Swiss franks, as if the world is some sort of casino and I am there to gamble away my conscience? Or are Munich and Frankfurt just places, different because one of them has a dentist expecting me?

Outside the train station in Zurich, where we were waiting to be picked up, sat a middle-aged bum. With a bottle of white wine in one hand and a piece of smoked meat in the other, he was incongruous and therefore unappealing. Like the American lady of my Vnukovo childhood and all the travelers around me today, he was unconscious of the blessings of his freedom.

My fiancée asked, referring to nothing in particular, if I had ever wanted to ride a camel. Answered in the negative, the question was amusingly *à propos*. Understood as the pursuit of happiness on the back of an exotic animal, freedom becomes as monotonous as a desert landscape. In that landscape, the bum, the American lady, and many of our friends glide smoothly and noiselessly forward while holding on to their possessions.

Our friend's house, as one might have expected, was a villa overlooking the Lake of Lucerne. Over breakfast, the host, a charming German businessman who agreed with everything I had to say about South Africa, presented evidence that the reactor at Chernobyl had been used to produce nuclear warhead material. In other words, we were having a wonderful time; but the feeling that I was in Switzerland without a purpose, that I was guilty of traveling, that none of this would ever come to anything, would not leave me. The host's young American wife thought *War and Peace* was a sequel to *The Thorn Birds* (perhaps I misunderstood her); but that wasn't the reason. The reason lay in my realization that travel was a metaphor for freedom, and in the context of that metaphor I was on the wrong side. "The metaphor," wrote Georg Christoph Lichtenberg of Göttingen in his *Aphorisms and Reflections*, "is far more intelligent than its author, and this is the case with many things. Everything has its depths. He who has eyes sees something in everything."

It was only roast pork I saw in the dish set before me by a nimble waiter at the Bratwurstherzel, in Munich's Heiliggeistrasse. I was less than a traveler now, I was a tourist.

This column is an act of public repentance.

Andrei Navrozov is poetry editor of Chronicles.

Letter From South America

by Thomas Molnar

Universities and Students of South America

By 1921, a few years after the Bolshevik revolution, students at Argentine universities had begun to agitate for equal rights with professors and were demanding the same rights for the cleaning staff. It sounds like the spring of 1968 in Paris and Columbia University, but in South America it was old stuff by then. Students there have been perhaps even more politicized than in Europe and the United States, and politicization was always radical leftist. When I first entered the premises of the University of San Marcos, in Lima (the first to be founded in the western hemisphere), I saw nothing but Marxist posters, eulogies of Castro, and Maoist brochures. Mind you, this was

Plains
POETRY JOURNAL
Edited by Jane Greer. Traditional poetic conventions used in vigorous, compelling new works. Heartening manifesto for SASE. $3.50/sample.
Plains Poetry Journal, P.O. Box 2337, Bismarck, ND 58502

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in 1966, two years before the "Paris Spring" and its not quite minor revolution, but Rector Alberto Sanchez was already an impotent prisoner in his office. He admitted to me that absolutely nothing could be done to shore up his university against the red tide.

Things have changed somewhat since then. No mistake about it—the most vocal forces in student government are revolutionary: Marxist, ultra-leftist, pacifist (the most radical and dangerous, except perhaps the Christian Socialists), Catholic Marxists, plus the varieties of all these. The so-called "rightists" (in quotes because they would rather be caught dead than embrace the label) are in reality timid centrists: liberal, conservative, and orthodox Catholics, the vanguard of which is the Opus Dei. Campus life and life at the majority of urban universities, as in Europe, is marked by political conflict which reproduces the conflicts in the political life of the "adults." At times, when political life is necessarily quieter, as in Chile today, it is the universities where radicalism is centered and where the conflicts are the sharpest. It would be an error, however, to conclude, with certain frightened adults, that university politics is a microcosm of long-term social trends. Most radical students settle in jobs (unless chronic unemployment blocks their future), and only a handful continue their revolutionary careers. Since the foreign press focuses mostly on these agitators, we gather the mistaken impression that they speak for student mentality and for the nation as a whole.

In Chile everyone knows that the "repression" denounced in the *New York Times* is mere provocation by committed Communists, among whom "students" are the most aggressive. In the same Chile, student elections are supposed to prefigure the general elections, forecast in 1989. While I was there, the Marxists were denouncing Pinochet, Washington, and the other usual objects of their wrath, and they did this at their allotted election counters—where not only Communist propaganda was openly displayed, but also the ingredients for Molotov cocktails. Funds were collected for purchase of weapons—this in the 13th year of "fascist" repression.

Not all is gloomy, however, in South American student life, and propaganda takes second or third place behind serious studies. In three months (spring in the southern hemisphere) I gave some 25 lectures before the most varied institutions: universities in Brazil, Argentina, and Chile; schools of diplomacy; Catholic and state universities; business schools; religious groups; even in private homes before invited guests. It is rare these days to find such attentive audiences in the United States, where knowledge is compartmentalized and fragmentary. At a business school in Buenos Aires, students' questions included references to Heraclitus and Xenophanes, and at a panel on Tocqueville at a liberal economic institution, the pro-democratic side was arguing so intelligently that it almost converted me to their point of view.

There is no question that these wide interests and knowledge are first gained in high school, where culture is still pursued. The vast middle class in the three countries mentioned want their children immersed in European culture, and only after acquiring the essentials do they send them on to the Harvard Business School or to Chicago or Berkeley. As a result, I found practically no difference of cultural level among businessmen, lawyers, and professors. Beyond the political hostility, these men share a common system of reference whose components are literature, the classics, and the rudiments of philosophy. At an Opus Dei seminar in Mendoza, my young public was extraordinarily sharp and probing, as was a wider public at the National Teachers College in Santiago. More than that, the dozen or so young journalists who interviewed me at various stops of my travel (men and women) were just as curious and well-informed as the students themselves. Even on television the questioners insisted on the deepest problems to be discussed and did not shy away from the most controversial questions that simply cannot be debated on our taboo-laden channels.

The administrators of universities are well aware that with the large numbers (plus the specter of unemployment), radicalism cannot be excluded, although it may be channeled. In Mendoza, one hour per week is set aside for student orators to hold meetings. I went through such a group toward the lecture hall and found neither hostility ("the professor from the U.S.") nor interest. Academic authorities are not acting *in loco parentis* in these countries and leave the students free to organize—as long as these organizations are not disruptive. When they are, little can be done, apart from calling out the police (very infrequent, even in "authoritarian" Chile) or shutting down the university until things calm down.

What we understand by rowdiness is very rare. Since emotions take immediate political forms, students behave more like urban intellectuals than rabble-rousers—not necessarily an advantage. Also, they are sharply divided among three or four ideological commitments: Marxism, orthodox (integrist) Catholicism, liberal democracy, and Christian Socialism—in a word, reproducing (but also formulating and preparing) the divisions of the cultural-political adult world. The Marxists are not always pro-Soviet, but very often pro-Castro and pro-Sandinista. Only the Catholic clergy contains more radical elements who, after a belated discovery, are celebrating the antiquated slogans of Marxism-Leninism along with the new slogans of liberation theology. Yet, it is a fact that the South American population is deeply impregnated with the spirit and culture of Catholicism; to every leftist protest there are two pilgrimages. The lower strata in particular—and this includes the Indian population of the Bolivian highlands or the miserable huts in the favellas of Brazil—are strongly religious and remain indifferent to leftist agitation. The latter, however, is strong in academic circles, and in our industrial democracies this is what tips the balance. Both left and right in the universities quote Antonio Gramsci, who tilted Communism in the 1930's in the direction of cultural conquest. Gramscism has become, among professors and students, the intellectual sugar-coating of leftist and rightist power ambitions.

In this respect, little difference can be found between Catholic and secular institutions. Almost all universities are now of the campus format, which means that students, even in downtown areas of big cities, are pressed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

together, easy victims of agitation and mass culture. The buildings themselves are mostly nondescript, factory-like, far from the Oxford-Sorbonne-Harvard style—another indication that universities in the post-1945 mass-societies are now subject to the requirements and mentality of the industrial society. Universities no longer stand out proudly with their architecture rivaling churches and palaces; they are parts of the system of production, of sociological transformations, and of the political game. In South America, too, students now think in terms of job opportunities and take courses that lead to employment, regardless of deeper personal and cultural interests. Engineering, business, electronics are the preferred subjects, as well as that much of culture that facilitates entry into politics. Under the circumstances, it is a miracle that I still met interested and cultivated young men and women. At the Catholic University of Santiago, where I was guest professor for the month of November (19th-century political thought, with emphasis on Tocqueville), the public of students and visitors put the hardest questions and entered the debate engendered by the previous guest professor, Guy Sorman, French author of the *Conservative Revolution in America*. Sorman's purely liberal/capitalist theses clashed with my own, and I would say that the audience was divided about half-and-half, although I may have had 51 percent of the votes since I (unlike Sorman) spoke in Spanish. The "debate" was the more attentively listened to as Chileans are now preparing a changeover to democracy when President Pinochet steps down as expected in 1989. This political context lent the lectures some added public interest, since the nation's mind is not quite made up on which regime to choose over the other. But all, or almost all, understood that each regime means very different things, not only politically, but also economically, morally, religiously, even aesthetically. Overriding Sorman's general economism, my emphasis was on those other motives.

I soon understood, not only in Santiago but at other universities in other countries, that the lecturer's words are weighed on the balance of grave local choices: between revolution and stability, democracy and the authoritarian regime, military intervention and civilian rule. In other words, the professor and his course are not heard as mere scholarship but are expected to be *engagé* statements, or at least pointers for concrete, here-and-now suggestions.

Finally I concluded that this political context gave my lectures, and lectures by others, the kind of piquant flavor they do not have in societies where political discourse and debate

REVISIONS

Hispanophobia

The long-standing North American prejudice against Latin America is only one chapter in a 500-year-old antagonism towards all things Spanish. Say Spain, and immediately you conjure up a vision of Philip II—the Spanish Inquisition; atrocities in the Netherlands; the heroic William of Orange; the "murder" of Philip's son, Don Carlos; the massacre and exploitation of the Indians; the exploits of those lovable English seadogs whom anyone but an Englishman would call pirates; and—finally—the great saga of gallant England's defeat of the Spanish Armada. If this image of the brutal and bigoted Spaniard has little basis in reality, it nonetheless has continued to infect American attitudes in the 20th century. What else explains the systematic denigration of Francisco Franco, the gentlest of despots, or the bizarre decision to aid Mrs. Thatcher against Argentina during the Falklands crisis?

As Philip Wayne Powell explains in *Tree of Hate: Propaganda and Prejudice Affecting United States Relations with the Hispanic World* (Vallecito, CA: Ross House Books, repr. of 1971 Basic Books edition), the "Black Legend" of Spain was concocted by a varied group: envious Italians, ambitious Dutch politicians, English rivals, and expelled Sephardic Jews. His well-documented and powerfully argued book is a necessary corrective to all the schoolbook slanders against the Conquistadors and Spanish rule in Latin America.

For rhetorical reasons, Powell leaves out the most interesting English tourists in Spain—George Borrow and Robert Louis Stevenson, both of whom expressed an enthusiasm for the country and its people. He also omits the considerable Hispanophilia displayed by Catholic rightists in the U.S. A more serious failure is Powell's refusal to see the Black Legend as a weapon in the ongoing struggle between two cultures: Protestant North Europe and the Catholic South. (Northern European Catholics are caught in the middle.) Even if most of the indictments against Spain are deliberate lies, it is somewhat disconcerting to find an American taking up the cudgels for what has been the "other side" since the days of Elizabeth I.

Apart from its very great value in setting the record straight, *Tree of Hate* performs a useful service in reminding us of the dangers of political myths and manufactured ideologies. William of Orange's calumnies may have been only political propaganda, but they have helped to poison the mainstream of historical thinking in Europe, the U.S., and Latin America. Deliberate falsehoods are not myths, because a good myth is always true in its essence. But there is nothing essentially true in the vilification of a noble and honorable people, and the end result may be Protestant America's failure to understand its most important neighbors and allies. What, in the end, is all the State Department's cant about democratic progress in Latin America, if not one more episode in our unremitting war against Spanish civilization? (TF)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are ritualistically denied philosophical and religious relevance. The very instability of changing regimes, of the employment market, of a Church hesitant between secular antagonists provides university life with the obligation and risk of existential choices. As the World Comptroller confides in *Brave New World*, a robotized humanity needs no literature, no theater, no philosophy, and no art because the tragic essence of life has been eliminated.

Well, it has *not* been eliminated from Argentina, Chile, or Brazil, nor from the expectations of their citizens and students. Placed among contradictory forces and living in a permanent tension, the best among the students live their history, and therefore their national destiny. To a lecturer's delight, audiences react to his analyses in most subtle ways, and their questions and comments suggest that, in their minds, a transfer has been made from analysis to application. Genuine compliments to the teaching staff and students were gratefully received, since the continent, and particularly its southern third, feels outside the mainstreams of Western life. There can be no greater compliment in these parts than to assure these valiant intellects that they do not lag behind the Western heartland in subtlety and knowledge. They are, if anything, ahead in the quality of their moral debate.

Thomas Molnar is visiting professor of religious studies at Yale University and the author of The Pagan Temptation *(Eerdmans).*

Letter From Calexico

by Richard Kostelanetz

Report From California's Berlin

Calexico is a North American town of roughly 16,000 situated directly on the Mexican border, 120 miles southeast of San Diego, in the warm and sunny Imperial Valley, where agriculture will always be the most abundant business; but Calexico differs from other towns along that extended border in being the suburb of a Mexican city, Mexicali, with its population of nearly a million. At least 95 percent of the Calexico population has Mexican ancestry, and most everyone has relatives south of the border. To me, a recent resident of Berlin, it generated hints of what Berlin might have been like before the Wall.

Between the two countries runs only a single fence, without any surrounding no-man's-land. On the Calexico side roams the U.S. Border Patrol, whose job it is to arrest illegal Mexican immigrants and, for punishment, simply return them to the other side. However, the border is porous. On the Calexico side is a golf course on which you can see Mexicali kids playing soccer, because the golf course offers the best field close to their home. No doubt they step back through the "border" fence to get home to sleep.

Because minimum wages in California are considerably higher than those in Mexico, farm workers scale a fence that, even in Calexico itself, has holes that aren't repaired; and once in the U.S., they have little trouble finding jobs in a country that needs cheap labor and rarely asks to see anyone's passports or papers. If the border were as securely closed as that between East and West Berlin, California agribusiness, as well as its restaurants, hotels, and construction companies, would need, as West Berlin did, to look elsewhere for its cheap guestworkers.

One reason why Mexicali is so populous is its proximity to the U.S. Its comparatively large Chinese population, for instance, has been there since the exclusion acts kept them out of California in the late 19th century. The biggest industry in Mexicali is *maguiladores*, factories assembling American goods at piecework wages. It is cheaper for American companies to send to Mexicali the materials for videocassettes, audiocassettes, circuit boards, clothing, etc. for assembly before bringing them back north of the border, just as it has been cheaper for West German companies to send piecework east.

Travelers entering Mexicali from the U.S. need not show passports to go in or come back. If their returning car has U.S. license plates, the armed American customs agents might ask such questions as, "What did you do in Mexicali? Where were you born?" (To the latter, it is sufficient simply to answer "USA.") Travelers coming from Mexico must obey different rules. Some have, in addition to passports, green cards entitling them to employment; others have white cards granting them visits not to exceed 72 hours.

Within a single geographical entity are two economies—one with a strong currency, the other with weak money; one with stable politics, the other with unstable. The air is worse in Mexicali, first because the dust of its unpaved streets flies up into the air in warm weather and then because much cooking is done over wood-fires, and also because, as in East Berlin, Mexican emissions standards for cars and heaters are considerably lower. Some of Mexicali's wealthy live in Calexico; but one indicative difference between the two places is that wealth in Mexico is ostentatiously displayed, while everyone in Calexico subscribes to the American suburban value of living in medium-sized houses, on modest plots, none more prominent than the others.

To Calexicans, Mexicali offers what is not available in the suburbs, from Chinese restaurants to prostitutes; but one difference between Calexico and other American suburbs is that its city, Mexicali, is much, much cheaper, as it is located in a country with failing currency. Nonetheless, to get from a Calexico home to a Mexicali restaurant by car took us exactly 15 minutes.

I came to Calexico to give a lecture at its state university, to an audience of professors and students scarcely different from those at other small colleges. But, not unlike West Berliners towards the East, my American hosts feel sufficiently kindly towards their Mexican brethren to send me over, at American expense, for another presentation and, at first, an interview over its university radio station. The recording studio itself was filled with people with little apparent function. As I spoke, the whispering around me got noisier and noisier. It turned out they were translating for each other! After the presentation I received questions with an aggressive Marxist tinge, students no doubt impressing their teachers in ways different from here.

The night after a local election in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Calexico, I went to some of the parties. The winners were proud; the losers accepted their fate, even though the results had been close and they had legitimate complaints. Nonetheless, no one spoke of disrupting the election or disputing democracy by force. In this respect, Calexico was, as one hostess put it, "an ordinary American town." But at those local parties nearly everyone was bilingual, able in mid-sentence to switch from English to Spanish and back, and within seconds to switch from one outlook to another. Along the edge of two radically different cultures, the place struck me as California's Berlin.

Richard Kostelanetz is an American artist/writer who has voted Libertarian ever since the party got on the NYC ballot.

Letter From California

by Gary Burleson

A Propaganda Team Works A Small Town

Posters around town said there would be a meeting about Nicaragua at the local senior center. The speaker, "Director of the Municipal Art Gallery" in a large California city, was going to show slides taken during her recent two-week tour of Nicaragua. It, of course, turned out to be a propaganda session. She had gone to Nicaragua not as an objective artistic observer, but as a supporter of the Sandinistas looking for confirmation of her views —every picture was used to justify or soft-sell the Marxist rule.

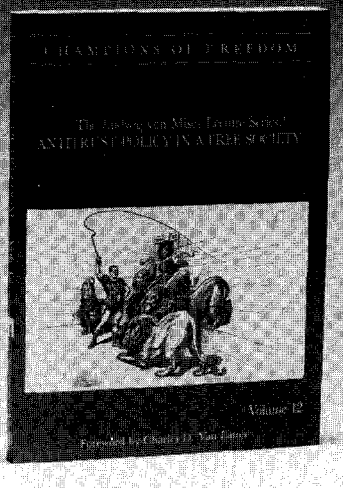
The art director's commentary with the slide presentation was rich with that special moral language which justifies police states. We were told U.S. corporations giving jobs to South American Indians means exploitation. We were told Communist Nicaragua had "banned capital punishment." There were pictures of the Nicaraguan Communist government making a staged "redistribution" of land to the "people," lined up before the camera to show their ornate deeds of title. However, the art director's most subtle argument, repeated so persistently that it constituted the underlying theme of the evening, was that no matter what doubts anyone may have about the revolution in Nicaragua, the government it overthrew was so terrible that anything is better. In that line of argument, it is simply inconceivable that new governments may be worse than the old.

The art director brought a cell of supporters to the meeting. They scattered throughout the room, but by the end of the meeting it was clear who they were. They had come to witness the truth righteously bestowed and to play the role of chorus in a classic drama—with the denouement that the solutions to the problems in Central America are Marxist totalitarian dictatorships. The one seated next to me nodded and smiled with the joy of heartfelt affirmation when the art director told us the people of Nicaragua should be free to determine their own destiny.

During the "question and answer" period at the end (don't worry, if you can't think of a question, one of them will), when it became clear to them my questions weren't those of a naive country bumpkin waiting to be led in the right direction, two of them lost their bearings and began screaming at me. I was surprised. After all, this was a good old-fashioned cadre of revolutionaries. Maybe they were so emotionally drained by the responsibility of saving Central America that they didn't have the mental resources for good sense, much less civility. One of them yelled in a rage that since I hadn't gone on the (two-week guided) tour of Nicaragua, what right did I have to disagree? But propaganda meetings are primal scenes to revolutionaries. What matters is not knowledge or "truth." What matters is the priceless joy of indignation.

The art director's strategy of appealing to the compassion and "artistic sensibilities" of the elderly audience was forgotten, derailed by painfully obvious questions. Why did the Miskito Indians rebel against the Sandinis-

ANTITRUST POLICY IN A FREE SOCIETY



Joseph D. Reed
David C. Button and Tim Ozenne
Yale Brozen
Dominick T. Armentano
F. M. Scherer

$5.00 PAPERBOUND

Write for our free catalog. All orders include a complimentary subscription to monthly Imprimis essay series.

HILLSDALE COLLEGE PRESS
Hillsdale, Michigan 49242

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tas? Why are there 8,000 Cubans in Nicaragua? If they represent the people, why don't Sandinistas allow really free elections like several other Latin American countries? Why does Qaddafi send money to Nicaragua? Why did the Sandinistas send arms to El Salvadoran guerrillas?

The meeting ended in an uproar as they leaped from their seats to shake their fists and shout revolutionary slogans. "Death to Contras" and "Death to Samosa." Death and vengeance was the final translation of their message. I left the meeting in that state of special grace granted those who succeed without trying.

Gary Burleson writes from Little River, California.

Letter From the Lower Right

by John Shelton Reed

Monumental Folly

The other day I got a "Dear Friend" letter from Malcolm Forbes asking for a contribution to the Reagan Presidential Library. It raises all sorts of questions. For instance, does Malcolm Forbes really think of me as a friend? Where has he been all this time? A friend in need is a friend indeed, Mr. Forbes, and I've got two daughters to send to college: How about if I contribute to your foundation and you kick into mine? Shall we say 5 percent of annual income?

But leave aside the fact that my new friend could build this edifice from his pocket change, if he really thinks we need it. Let's ask a fundamental question that the letter doesn't really address: Why in heaven's name should there be a Reagan Presidential Library?

Well (I hear you say), Kennedy has a library, Johnson has one, and Nixon, even Carter. True, all true. If Reagan had no library, he would not be in the company of these worthies. He would be libraryless with the likes of Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln, men to whom the idea of a presidential library somehow didn't occur. (Can you imagine John Adams' pals hustling funds by direct mail?)

Ah, but (as Forbes's letter puts it) "Think what rich repositories for history and sources of perspective we'd have if there had been libraries for our earliest Presidents! They would be treasuries valuable beyond measure." Yeah. Think what prodigies of scholarship we would witness at the Martin Van Buren Presidential Library, the Millard Fillmore Presidential Library, the William Henry Harrison Presidential Library, the—well, you get the idea.

There are many reasons to oppose this well-meant but ill-considered enterprise. There is, in the first place, the libertarian argument—obvious (as usual), but overlooked (also as usual). The $45 million to buy the land and build the building is to be raised from private contributions, more or less voluntary, but that's just the beginning. The annual budget to operate this show is bound to be well up in seven figures, probably eight—not chicken-feed, outside the Beltway—and that money will come from the public coffers. From you and me, that is. Like it or not. Forever.

Why are presidential libraries thought to be an appropriate use of public monies and open space? They serve no useful scholarly purpose. What could possibly be in an Andrew Johnson Presidential Library in Greenville, Tennessee, that is not more conveniently available somewhere else under the present dispensation? Future historians studying our times will already have to check in at presidential libraries in Boston, Austin, San Clemente, Atlanta, and —where is the Ford Library, anyway? Grand Rapids? Aspen? I guess I could look it up. (If there isn't one, I'll take back every mean thing I've ever said about the man.) Adding Palo Alto to the list wouldn't hurt much—just another few hundred bucks on the historian's NEH grant. But it wouldn't help either.

Of course, we shouldn't think of these libraries as simple repositories. They are, above all, monuments to presidential ego. And that is disturbing. Maybe our Presidents have always thought of themselves as demigods entitled to pyramids maintained at public expense, but, if so, they kept their opinions on this matter to themselves for the republic's first century and a half. A healthy public opinion would have hooted them down. Where did we go wrong? Whatever happened to republican simplicity?

There is also the otherwise delightful fact that Presidents come and go every four years, or eight. If each President gets a library (and the nation survives), in a couple of hundred years the countryside will be littered with these structures, each with its complement of chantry priests and lay brothers. And the whole creaking, groaning apparatus will be supported by levies on the toil of an urban peasantry too ignorant to reflect that the system swept away at the Reformation only took 10 percent.

Moreover, obviously, not every President will deserve a monument. In 50 years, our grandchildren will wonder why we bothered to memorialize some of those we already have. We shouldn't rush into these things, as any graduate of Warren G. Harding High School could tell you. I like Teddy Roosevelt, but he does look a little silly on Mount Rushmore, and "Cape Kennedy" was quietly dropped when it became indelicate to refer to the Kennedys and water in the same breath.

I don't mean to pick on Ronald Reagan. In this, he's just acting like a typical modern President. But he disappoints me when he acts that way, because sometimes I've almost believed that he isn't one. I would rejoice —many Americans would rejoice—if he would drop Malcolm Forbes a note. "Dear Friend," he could say: "Thank you for your efforts to build a library to house my papers, but I've decided to put them in the Library of Congress, where related materials will be more conveniently available. A businessman like you will recognize the significant economies of scale in putting them there, too, and I like to cut the costs of government when I can. I know the library was meant to be a monument as well, but that's not an appropriate use of tax money. Why don't you take what you've raised and buy some small arms for the Contras?"

I say Ronald Reagan ought to write this letter. Do you think he will?

John Shelton Reed is a semi-pro curmudgeon who writes from Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCREEN

Making Love

by Katherine Dalton

***Making Mr. Right*; directed by Susan Seidelman; written by Floyd Byars and Laurie Frank; Orion Pictures.**

Perhaps it's living in New York that makes me like *Making Mr. Right*. Susan Seidelman's latest (she did *Desperately Seeking Susan* with Madonna, remember) is just one step up from farce: a lighthearted comedy of manners and sexual politics. As in many of the best Restoration comedies it does not otherwise resemble, the men are buffoons. In other words, it's a movie from a decidedly feminine point of view. It is actually unusual in being a movie for the *Cosmo* reader—the young, single, urban, double Y's. What was the last movie targeted so specifically at a female audience? *The Turning Point*? *Desert Hearts*?

Yes, all women know that millions of men are responsible citizens, loving fathers, husbands, and friends. All women also know that millions are not. As a young, urban, unattached female (if not quite a *Cosmo* reader), I find it easy to understand why men are the primary target in a movie that, to be fair, also lampoons Jews, Indians, Miami Cubans, the PR business, soaps, weddings, and several very distinct types of females. Perhaps all the man-bashing has only to do with the exigencies of plot. As the title suggests, our heroine, Frankie Stone, falls in love with an android, and a woman is not likely to fall for an android, unless she has been burned thrice too many times by the real thing.

As the movie opens we see Frankie (Ann Magnuson, the performance artist, plays it straight here) waking up on the couch where she has fallen asleep in front of the TV. She's been waiting for Congressman Steve Marcus (Ben Masters), who has spent the entire night at the Little Miss Havana beauty pageant, hugging the contestants and drumming up votes for what he hopes will be his reelection. Understandably, his early-morning arrival with a stolen centerpiece for a forgive-me-darling bouquet doesn't quite cut the mustard.

Frankie wants it to be easy come, easy go, but it isn't. Since she's not just his girlfriend but also his image consultant, she can afford the satisfaction of not only slamming the door in his face but also of dropping him as a client and sending out the final bill. Nevertheless, however distracting her job and red convertible, she cannot escape the daily pressures from Mom, Sis, friends, and the biological clock to find Mr. Right, or at least Mr. Tolerable. Not that anybody else in the Marcus cheering section has been blessedly happy. Mom threw Dad the lout out; Frankie's friend Trish has been dumped by her soap star husband for Susan Anton; only Frankie's green-haired sister seems content—and she's marrying a Miami Cuban busboy. Still, none of them can understand how Frankie could let Steve slip through her fingers. After all, says Trish, whatever his faults or shortcomings, "he earns his own keep," and that can't be said of all of them.

After dropping Steve as a client, Frankie has time on her hands, and she finds herself asked to represent the Chemtech Corporation's latest invention—a remarkably human-looking android named Ulysses (John Malkovich). She is to polish up his social graces and get him on the Johnny Carson show, but it gets more complicated than that. For unpolished or not and made (as he is) in the image of his snide creator, Dr. Jeff Peters (also played by Malkovich), Ulysses has all the charm his parent lacks. He promptly falls in love with Frankie.

It's a predictable plot. Seidelman is probably never going to make her name as one of Hollywood's great innovators. But while there are no large artistic leaps in this production, a great deal of attention has been paid to detail. The script is tight; it has no large holes in its logic, once you accept the fact that an android can look and act human, and we've suspended that much belief for a thousand other movies. The "60's retro" look Seidelman created, carried through from Frankie's headscarf and red convertible to the music, makes the movie nicely stylized and centered in a specific place, Miami, rather than (as is usually the case) floundering around in what could be any 80's town in any state in the union.

There are several excellent performances. Seidelman has raided Chicago's Steppenwolf Theatre not only for a very good hero/nerd in Malkovich, but for two superb supporting actresses as well. Glenne Headly as baby-voiced Trish on the rebound is wonderful, and Laurie Metcalf as Sandy is even better. Metcalf is so compact and determined and pushily desperate to get the misanthropic Jeff Peters out on a date as to be both moving and irritating at the same time—a difficult combination. All of them show up Magnuson, who, while never actively bad, is never actively good, either.

As a movie, *Making Mr. Right* is a foreseeable product of what is still the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

newly integrated Hollywood. Now Nora Charles is sending Nick off to Grant's Tomb, not so much to get him out of the way but because he deserves it. *Making Mr. Right* is also exactly the film you might expect as a response to the now discredited Yale-Harvard study, in which statistics demonstrated the appalling unlikelihood any female over 25 has of getting married. In a world without tolerable men, what other solution is there but an android? It is the final feminine revenge.

This could, with some truth, be called a feminist movie. But feminist is one of those slippery words that can mean many things. Seidelman's "feminist" viewpoint is not of the black and white variety, where men are irredeemable and women angelic. Steve may be a louse, but he does have his moments, and somebody falls for even plain, bumbling, sarcastic Dr. Peters. Frankie's patronizing treatment of Peters, when he's done her a favor and agreed to come as her date to her sister's wedding, is unkind and unfair, for all his preposterousness. Trish, being of the school that any man is better than no man at all, puts more pressure on Frankie to get back with Steve than even Steve does. All of which is to say, it's not really like life, but it's as confused and mixed as life is, and that gives the movie a surprising subtlety.

Seidelman understands that characters with no redeeming features belong to tragedy, not comedy, and so avoids them. And a man who is dragged by his girlfriend or wife to see *Making Mr. Right* can take some comfort in remembering that the only truly wonderful character in the movie, while not exactly a man, is at least a male, not a female, android.

Katherine Dalton writes from New York.

STAGE

Viva la Musical Comedy

by David Kaufman

A few months before I saw the musical *Les Miserables*—actually a few months before it opened at the Kennedy Center last December—I heard it. The show's publicist had sent me a tape of the London version. When I first listened to it, I felt disappointed. It sounded more than a little like *Evita*, with the strongest passages or the catchiest musical phrases not only cheaply sentimental but also repetitious in a manipulative sort of way.

Whatever its merits or shortcomings, *Les Miserables* was earmarked as a significant event for more than just the season. I felt privileged to obtain separate interviews with Cameron Mackintosh, its producer; Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg, respectively the French lyricist and composer who together in 1978 conceived of the whole project; Herbert Kretzmer, the English lyricist; and Trevor Nunn and John Caird, the co-directors and the top two artistic minds behind the Royal Shakespeare Company, under whose auspices the English version premiered in London in the fall of 1985.

Back in September and October of 1986, I forced myself to listen to the tape again and again—occasionally as background music while I was revising my routine theater pieces, or perhaps more intently while I was sitting in traffic jams on the FDR drive hoping I'd still make the 8:05 curtain. And then gradually, imperceptibly, it began to happen. The music started to grow on me and assume the subtlety and the distinctive sound of a musical comedy.

When I spoke with Mr. Nunn during the rehearsal period for the American production, he claimed that it was Mr. Schonberg's score which first interested him in the project. "What one was able to respond to was the sweep of the music," he explained. "One could tell that the composer had got hold of something, because there's something that is very contemporary in the feel about the music, yet we could imagine people singing it in period costume without being embarrassed."

But before my interview with Mr. Nunn, when I had my own little musical epiphany, I suddenly remembered that when I was growing up in Ohio I used to listen to the albums of musicals countless times before I would actually see them. I realized I could sing the entire scores to dozens of shows long before I saw them. My family made annual—sometimes biannual—pilgrimages to New York, which meant to Broadway. Invariably, these visits consisted of seven shows in five days, sometimes more, when we were fortunate enough to stay longer. Much of the excitement essential to the success of a musical depended on the sensation of hearing an old friend.

It doesn't really matter that I understood little of what the lyrics meant or what the sentiments represented. The point is that until the 60's a musical comedy was something to be listened to again and again, until its personality and its character, its woofer and its tweeter, its sparkle and its fizz took root in that magical recess of being where tunes lie dormant and a sense of all being right with the world is formed.

Has anyone else noticed that the greatest musical comedy hits of the past 15 years have usually shown up as records, before they were produced on stage? This was true of *Jesus Christ Superstar*, *Evita*, *Cats*, *Song and Dance*, *Starlight Express*, and now of *Phantom of the Opera*—which collectively represents the Andrew Lloyd Webber oeuvre. Indeed, it was also true of the initial, French version of *Les Miserables*. It first appeared as a double album in Paris before it opened for a limited eight-week run (extended to 16) at the Palais de Sports in 1980. But as obvious as this formula for success may appear, today's vast majority of musicals are lucky if they get recorded even after they open—they close too fast to justify the expense.

In our era, the musical comedy has been ridiculed, reviled, "tried-out," panned, workshopped, revised, imitated, reworked—in short, everything but loved, and so rarely recorded. Some of the best songs written for the stage in the past decade are lost, since no albums were made to preserve them. Galt MacDermot's 1983 score

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for *The Human Comedy* (based on the Saroyan novel) instantly comes to mind as a good production that evaporated when its book idea was panned. Sondheim's best score, for *Merrily We Roll Along*, survived only because he is Stephen Sondheim and because he has a champion in Richard Shepard, a record producer at RCA.

But, back to *Les Miserables*. I was shocked to hear Cameron Mackintosh, the show's producer, admit he had never read the novel. Hugo's classic was required school reading for my father when he grew up in Hungary during the second decade of this century and was one of the few novels he insisted I read before I went off to college. While the images of its two key figures, escaped convict Jean Valjean and police inspector Javert, now seem mostly to stem from their portrayals by Frederic March and Charles Laughton in the 1935 film version, my memory of the story's majestic spread still came from the summer I spent with the 1,200-page novel itself.

But no matter how irresponsible Mr. Mackintosh seemed to me for his failure to read *Les Miserables*, his knowledge of its history was impressive. Even more worthy of respect was his knowledge of, and his love for, musical comedy. At the relatively young age of 41, Mackintosh has become perhaps the most successful producer of musicals in our day. He has sponsored and supervised over 150 productions, including *Cats*, *Little Shop of Horrors*, *Song and Dance*, and now *Les Miserables* and *Phantom of the Opera*, as well as the imminent revival of Sondheim's *Follies*. What I didn't know until I met him was that he worked his way up through the ranks, beginning with his youthful stagehand experience on *Oliver*. What I also didn't realize until the second time I saw *Les Miserables* was the extent to which Mr. Mackintosh's personal obsession with *Oliver* may have influenced, no matter how obliquely, the winning effect of *Les Miserables*.

By the time I saw *Les Miserables* the first time, I had already interviewed the six people who were primarily responsible for creating it. I was so steeped in the score and in the involved history of this international extravaganza that I expected to be disappointed with the result. But I wasn't.

The pivotal element that sets this musical apart from others was the one that held it together—the ingenious staging of the story as a seamless series of episodes, eclipsing years in the process. In respect to this, *Les Miserables* owes its greatest debt to the recent stage version of *Nicholas Nickleby*—also the brainchild of Mr. Nunn and Mr. Caird and the Royal Shakespeare Company. But in retrospect, the cinematic devices, the vignettes and tableaux invented to reveal *Nickleby* seem crude compared to the perfection of these techniques in *Les Miserables*.

I saw *Les Miserables* again the night after it opened on Broadway. What I realized then, five months after my session with Cameron Mackintosh and two months after I first saw it, was the crucial importance of the massive, rotating stage. Many of the scenes are prepared in the rear of the stage before they rotate to the front. Event melts into event, aria into aria, realizing the incredible 16-year sprawl of Hugo's novel in a mere three hours. Whether or not Mackintosh conceived the rotating stage, or whether it was entirely set designer John Napier's contribution, the first time I know a rotating stage was used so extensively was in *Oliver*, in 1960.

If the huge success of the musical version of *Les Miserables* suggests a revival of the romantic sensibility, it also implies renewed life for the musical comedy. The most vociferous detractors of the genre would be amazed to learn what Eric Bentley had to say about it over 30 years ago: "The dialogue is seldom fine but often racy; there is enough plot for half a dozen 'plays,' and the action goes ahead in great leaps and bounds from setting to setting, interior, exterior, New York, Havana, all points East or West. If you proposed to do in a 'serious' play the things that are done all the time in musicals, your producers would dismiss half of them as impossible, the other half as arty and avant-garde."

In the same article, Bentley underscores the strictly American character of the musical. "Musical comedy is a very free form. You can try anything, and you *must* try many things. . . . The musical is significantly American not because of its famous tempo, nor the mechanical efficiency that is the basis of that tempo, but rather because of its texture: here is the thick and slab gruel of American life (not the most delicate of dishes, but a nourishing and tasty one) served up by chefs with shrewd heads and open hearts, for all the world to relish."

Aside from three or four landmark developments, the musical has remained remarkably unchanged during the past century—true to its form and its formulas, dedicated to its vision of a fantastic reality, a special sensibility, and obsessed with the happy ending. This resistance to change has been both its curse and its blessing. As much as anything else, such a quirk—

Colm Wilkinson in the London musical *Les Miserables*. Written by Alain Boublil and Jean-Marc Natel, with music by Claude-Michel Schonberg.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a tenacious grip on ebullience and optimism—became the single feature that detractors of the form found unacceptable in recent years.

The musical comedy became increasingly dismissible and less viable when the nation's mood did an about-face in the 60's. Despair, angst, and cynicism had little use for hopefulness and even less tolerance for blatant escapism, the birthright of the musical. Confronted with such a dilemma, the form has been in turmoil ever since. Seeking a contemporary messiah, a number of critics have turned to Stephen Sondheim for proof that the form was not dead, but only in a period of transition. Only Sondheim, with 12 works to his credit (and the lyrics to three earlier ones), has addressed the concerns of a presumably more sophisticated audience with any consistency and relative frequency. But that "more sophisticated audience" has proven insufficient in number to support the cause.

Indeed, Sondheim has yet to write a show whose run approaches *Evita*'s, *Grease*'s, *Hello Dolly*'s, *Fiddler on the Roof*'s, or even *Dreamgirls*', let alone *A Chorus Line*'s. Of the more than 40 musicals which had made the list of Long Runs, with over 1,000 performances, more than half premiered during the past 20 years (contrary to the expectations of many prophets of doom); yet, Sondheim is not responsible for a single one.

If our era has forced America to relinquish its proprietary interest on the musical comedy and welcome a new British breed—not only the rock-operas of Andrew Lloyd Webber but also a magical revision of the 30's (*Me and My Girl*)—it now must make room for this French and English hybrid. Before, the French were notoriously uncongenial to musical comedy. Reportedly, the French today have more respect for the English *Les Miserables* than they did for the original two-hour version that Boublil and Schonberg staged there in 1980. It will all come full circle when the Mackintosh rendering is translated back into French and opens in Paris next year, as part of an international schedule that has already booked over 20 productions in as many languages.

All of us will have to await the next Boublil and Schonberg collaboration which Mackintosh is committed to produce in the fall of 1988: *Miss Saigon*, an update of the 1887 novel, *Madame Chrysantheme*, by Loti, from which Puccini derived his opera *Madame Butterfly*. A key question entails hundreds of implications: Will it open in London or New York?

David Kaufman is a theater critic in New York City.

POP CULTURE

The Righteousness of Rock?

by Gary S. Vasilash

The Fox Theatre—a grand movie palace of Detroit's 1920's, which is now used primarily as a venue for acts that won't fill an arena—contained a chronologically mixed crowd in mid-March. Paul Young was in concert. Young, a slightly chubby, baby-faced British singer (he appears, to borrow a line from Elvis Costello, "teddy-bear tender and tragically hip"), uses the vocal style known as blue-eyed soul. His presence appeals to the young girls in search of someone to sigh about; his vocal talents bring him to the attention of older listeners who are mystified by the appreciation (and adulation) of bands like Poison, yet who haven't completely succumbed to Lionel Richie, whose delivery has all the kick of chocolate milk.

Young, who had to have teenage girls peeled off of him, wound up his show with a bump-and-grind number about which he remarked, "The government would put a health warning on this." He was referring to the Koop of condoms, not cigarettes. The operative word was "sex." It was repeated innumerable times; it could have been used in one of those count-the-word contests that were once popular on Top 40 radio (e.g., "How many times do the Beatles say 'yeah' in 'She Loves You'?"). Young's dismal finale was aimed straight at the pubescent glands. The young women left the hall in a hormonal haze; the young men left with a few ideas on a single subject; the older listeners began to have second thoughts about Lionel Richie.

A week later, the Beastie Boys were at the Fox, supporting their then-chart-leading album, *Licensed to Ill*. The group performs rap music, originally a form limited to black street musicians. First, the street went. The group Run DMC hit the studio, and an audience who claims to find something touching in jump rope lyrics set to music that is created, in large part, by rotating a record back and forth on a turntable, made Run DMC a success. Second, the race restriction fell. Enter the Beastie Boys.

While Run DMC raps about subjects like bipedalism ("Walk This Way" and "My Adidas"), the Beastie Boys take a more metaphysical approach, as in "You've Got to Fight for Your Right to Party."

The marketing people at MTV—the same, no doubt, who devised the Bon Jovi Hedonism Weekend—created a contest in which the winner would be "kidnapped" by the Beastie Boys. The lucky individual would be taken "bound and gagged" to spring break at Daytona Beach. I wonder how it would play in Lebanon.

Meanwhile, *Spin* magazine, the editor, design director, and publisher of which is Bob Guccione Jr., son of *Penthouse*, was on the stands with its second anniversary issue. The cover shows singer Madonna appearing as a cross between a motorcycle moll and a semi-innocent clutching a sweater. The headline for the article she illustrates is "Sex as a Weapon." The article is written by Tama Janowitz, who compares rock and movie stars to the mythical goddesses and gods. "On the one hand, we worship and admire these people, they are the objects of our fantasies; and on the other hand, we are secretly angry at them and long to be them."

If Janowitz is right, Madonna "is not merely selling sex—she is representing power." Power for Madonna, Paul Young, and others like them is based on commercial sensuality. The quasi-divine status of Run DMC, the Beastie Boys, neo-punk bands, and that whole flock of leather-wearing rockers (who are erroneously claimed to be the servants of Satan: let's face it, the Prince of Darkness would have better taste—he's supposed to be a gentleman) is derived from their will-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ingness to be offensive.

I wonder if rock has ever promulgated ethics that would be acceptable in any world this side of *Blade Runner*. Robert Pattison, in *The Triumph of Vulgarity: Rock Music in the Mirror of Romanticism* (Oxford University Press; 1987), heatedly argues that rock, the roots of which he says are Romanticism and pantheism, "the pervasive music of contemporary vulgarity," is a form that has always resisted any strictures. It has typically defined itself by myths that put it outside the status quo, even if it is a part of it. There has always been, for example, a close identification between rock and blues performers—at least so far as rock critics and performers are concerned. To the rock performer, "the blues artist should be an outlaw, living on the fringes of society, hovering on the borders of madness, preferably a gambler, probably a drunk, certainly a sex fiend." In other words, the blues musician is very much the person that the rock musician fancies him or herself to be. (Musically, there is a distinct difference between blues and rock, since the former treats the vicissitudes of life with detachment and irony while the latter takes itself oh so seriously.)

The rocker wants to be authentic, a person living on the edge, even though in order to reach a position of public fame he must be packaged like any other consumer product. There is a willing suspension of reality by both the performers and the fans as they lust after this authenticity. Says Pattison, "In myth, all rockers are lower class." Bruce Springsteen usually wears clothes that most of us would have long ago turned into washrags. Even the Boss's duds for the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame induction ceremony had a certain aura of chintziness. Yet anything better would compromise his earthiness.

Pattison might argue that rockers have always been rebels without causes, but there are several examples that indicate that once upon a time, certain normative behaviors were recognized, even by the young. But now, as the rock musicians have become more powerful, they have also become fascistic. While they break rules, they immediately decree their own, seemingly incontrovertible, laws. It's the righteousness of anarchy.

Two illustrations: One of the biggest areas of change is in attitude toward rudimentary regulations, such as the Fourth Commandment. In 1964, the Beach Boys' "Fun, Fun, Fun" told of a young lady who disobeyed her father; she went cruising the hamburger stand when she was supposed to be studying at the library. Punishment was meted out to the girl. Note well that the "Fun, Fun, Fun" is not what she had had but what the singer anticipates "now that daddy took the T-Bird away."

Now by way of comparison we can jump ahead to Madonna's recent hit "Poppa, Don't Preach," in which the young lady has gone out and got herself pregnant. (Obviously she didn't listen to Diana Ross and the Supremes doing "Love Child.") The point is, the pregnant young lady, while admitting "I'm in trouble deep," tells her father in no uncertain terms that she is keeping the baby. From an ethical standpoint her decision is laudable, but her admission of what in another time would be called "guilt" is actually presented as a challenge.

And what about work? With record list prices at $9.99 and above, prestressed clothing at a premium, and the criminally high prices of bad habits, making a few bucks should be of material interest to rock fans. Work received more attention in the past. It was virtually impossible for any teenager to miss the Silhouettes' message in their proto-rap classic, "Get a Job" (1958)—teen work has never been unequivocally celebrated. After all, the basic thrust of rock music is having a good time. But work was once seen as a necessary evil and accepted, as in Eddie Cochran's 1957 hit, "Summertime Blues" (resurrected during the psychedelic era by Blue Cheer, and a few years later by what was once Britain's working-class band, The Who). As "Summertime Blues" explains the facts of life: "My mama and poppa told me son, / You've got to earn some money / If you wanna use the car to go driving next Sunday." Note the quaint idea that one would wait until the weekend to go for a pleasure drive. Today, Sammy Hagar, present lead singer of Van Halen, screams that he can't "drive 55," and he doesn't mean that he's promoting a highway bill.

Work remained an acceptable thing to do even in the 70's. The Average White Band had "work to do." (The background vocal repeated "work . . . work.") Compare that to the background "we're talking about money, money" in the recent hit single by Simply Red, "Money's Too Tight (To Mention)," which laments the tragic fate of someone unable to get a loan or a government handout. But the song that describes the present antiwork sentiment best is Todd Rundgren's "Bang the Drum All Day": "I Don't want to work / I want to bang on the drum all day."

If there is anything disturbing about all this, it's not that the performers are getting increasingly raucous. That in itself is insignificant. What is hard to stomach, however, is the multimillion dollar industry that celebrates parasitism. During the so-called revolutionary period of the 60's, some people expressed concern about record companies releasing albums such as Jefferson Airplane's *Volunteers*, which is essentially a call to arms against the establishment (of which Starship, the current manifestation of the Airplane, is now a commercial cog). There was little danger from such infantile political grandstanding. Today, many of those who spent their teen years listening to that music are making their mark on Wall Street and elsewhere: They are squeezing everything they can—and then some—out of the System.

But the music on the current airwaves—which no one gets upset about unless they discover some grotesque sexual image (e.g., the chainsaw codpiece illustrated on the cover of an album by Wasp, a group that was virtually unheard of until the Parents' Music Resource Center started worrying about it)—is actually more distorting than anything that has come before. It is not so much the music of infantile rebellion—which was bad enough—as it is the anthem of mindless, joyless, effortless titillation. You can reform a rebel and make a man of him; I'm not sure what can be done with the vermin whose vibrissae throb to the music of the Beastie Boys.

Gary Vasilash is presently holding out against Lionel Richie.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Is the family in America an outdated relic of the past?

Is the intact nuclear family now just a memory from days gone by . . . a vestigial social form that was, at best, oversentimentalized and, at worst, a narrow prison, forcing men, women, and children into stereotypical roles that stultified freedom and individuality?

Is it time to move on to a broader range of alternative life-style choices: increasing numbers of families headed by single females . . . unmarried couples living together . . . married couples choosing not to have children . . . marriages between people of the same gender . . . lesbian couples conceiving and raising children through artificial insemination with the help of special feminist-run sperm banks?

Do these changes usher in a new and better world in which the old-fashioned nuclear family would be unfulfilling, unwelcome, and unnecessary?

The Rockford Institute's Center on the Family in America thinks not.

Introducing a monthly newsletter that holds this truth to be self-evident: That the life of the traditional family in America is worth all of the alternative life-styles combined.

Not a popular concept in 1987, you may say.

True. But, then, The Rockford Institute has never judged the quality of an idea to be a matter of consensus.

The fact is, the intact, traditional family in America has its back to the wall. Yet mounting evidence shows that men, women, and children who live within the traditional family structure are happier, better adjusted, more capable of solving life's problems and taking advantage of its opportunities than those who prefer "alternative life-styles."

Something must be done. We've decided to do it.

You are invited to become a Charter Subscriber to a brand new monthly report, The Family in America . . .

Dr. Allan Carlson, outspoken president of The Rockford Institute and director of its Center on the Family in America, believes America badly needs a forum of healthy debate that will re-examine traditional family values.

Enter **The Family in America**, edited by Bryce Christensen, a former editor of Chronicles: A Magazine of American Culture. Here's just a suggestion of some of the topics we'd like you — as a Charter Subscriber — to explore with us each month . . .

. . . Do parents have the right to decide what values their children will be taught in school —or must they accept the values of the educators, no matter what?

. . . Who bears the real cost of easy-come, easy-go, "no-fault" divorce?

. . . If you believe abortion is immoral, should you have to pay taxes to provide police and fire protection for an establishment that commits immoral acts every day?

. . . Why does so much tax money go to support families headed by single females while childless couples who want to provide a good home can't find children to adopt?

. . .How did we ever arrive at our "Catch 22" Social Security system that actually rewards people who avoid family life and penalizes couples who bear the children that will be needed to keep the system going?

The Family in America will try, each month, to influence opinion leaders at all levels to adopt a friendlier stance toward the traditional family . . . to reinforce the choices of those who have chosen the traditional family structure as a way of life . . . to explain to the nation at large why the family is so important to our future.

Can we count on your support?

TO BECOME A CHARTER SUBSCRIBER, MAIL COUPON OR DETACH AND MAIL ADJOINING CARD TODAY!

THE FAMILY IN AMERICA
P.O. Box 416
Mount Morris, Illinois 61054

FREE GIFT WITH PREPAID SUBSCRIPTION!
Enclose payment and receive a FREE copy of the 128-page book. *The Family, America's Hope.*

☐ **YES!** Please enter my Charter Subscription to **The Family in America** for 12 monthly issues at just $17.95. I save $3.05 off the regular price of $21.00.

☐ Payment enclosed. **Please send me my FREE copy of the 128-page book — *The Family, America's Hope.***

☐ Bill me later — I understand I do not get a free copy of ***The Family, America's Hope.***

Name (please print)

Address

City State Zip

Foreign orders add $6 per year, payable in U.S. funds only. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery of your first issue.

TF101

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED